The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

We regret very much that the publication of the August Bookman has had to be postponed until so late in the month. The delay (for which we offer apologies to our readers) has unfortunately been consequent on the strike in the printing trade which started in the third week of July and was not settled until the 17th August.

With a few exceptions—such as Martin Tupper, or Robert Montgomery; and what they wrote was not exactly poetry—minor poets never make so much money as minor novelists do, but they stand a very much better chance of immortality. There are far more anthologies of poetry than of prose, and, though minor novelists seldom get into the latter, a large number of minor poets are permanently at home in the former, and, in fact, have nowhere else to live, their own books being dead. They sit down between the same covers with Shakespeare and Milton, and once they have found places in two or three such compilations their positions are secure, for, apart from other considerations, subsequent anthologists are afraid of what the critics might say if they omitted them.

Moreover, most of those who are so rescued from oblivion have some real title to the modest glory that is allotted to them; their complete works may sleep in half a dozen dusty volumes, and nobody can wake them; but bedded in that inert mass are one or two little vivid things—an ode, a sonnet, a lyric or so—that were not made for death, and, transplanted into anthologies, these live on there for ever, so that the author of hundreds of dull, laborious pages may become quietly famous at last for one page that is not without beauty. And if you look through almost any good anthology that comes to hand you will realise how poorer our poetical literature would be if no patient editor had ever found those waifs and strays of genius, and set them to shine like jewels in the garlands of the Muses.

It is perhaps rather hard that so little in this way can be done for minor prose writers, for minor

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Mr. Robert Stuart Christie,

whose successful novel, "The House of the Beautiful Hope," was published recently by Mr. Cecil Palmer.

Mr. Holloway Horn,

whose new novel, "Tyranny," has just been published by Messrs. Collins.

novelists in particular. There are mid-Victorian novelists buried in the British Museum who wrote cleverer, more interesting novels than many written in these latter years that are popular to-day (Geraldine Jewsbury, for instance, the friend of Mrs. Carlyle), but it seems to be worth nobody's while to reissue their books, and novels do not lend themselves so well to the lapidary art of the anthologist as do the miscellanies of poets who here and there in a wilderness of drivel left one or two magical poems.

Even the minor poets who had such happier moments have not all been rescued from the waste, and it is a reproach to anthologists who have preceded him that Mr. Iolo A. Williams should have been able to collect enough forgotten and half forgotten verse to make so delightful a volume as "Byways Round Helicon" (7s. 6d.; Heinemann) by dredging in the minor poetry of the eighteenth century alone. It were easy to name small bards of the period he has overlooked, but he does not pretend to have finished his task, and holds out hopes one would like to see him fulfil of continuing his researches and discoveries. He tells you that "a pretty lyric picked out of the sixpenny box, four lines of reality in the midst of a wilderness of fustian, or anything, almost, that is wonderfully out of keeping with its context, is a joy to me greater, in some odd way, than Grecian Urns and Skylarks." Most of us have that feeling at times, but Mr. Williams seems to have it all the time; he finds a greater thrill in coming upon "some beauty, quaintness, or pleasant conceit in an unexpected quarter, wherein I have been a-fishing all by myself, than in sharing with a million other folk the patent universal loveliness of the great poets," and that blameless, bookish vanity has resulted in this collection of gems and rough diamonds from the lost property of certain poets who were not great.

Perhaps Mr. Williams goes somewhat outside his programme when he includes Shenstone and Gay; they are well known by comparison with Dyer, Garth, Soames Jenyns, and others whom he omits. Nor can Armstrong, Somerville, or even Langhorne and Charlotte Smith, to whom he devotes considerable space, be reckoned among the quite forgotten. But who knows more of Christopher Smart's poems than the immortal "Song to David"? The others are not especially worth knowing, except for the sparkle of occasional lines, but Mr. Williams has a way with him, and whatever he touches he makes interesting. If, indeed, on the whole, he has resuscitated more quaint, pretty or pleasing verse than fine poetry, there is enough of finer quality to justify his labours, and his own gossipy, whimsical criticisms and comments on his finds make a ramble in his company through these literary by-ways that have delighted him no less delightful to his readers. He presents, as Mr. J. C. Squire says in an introduction, "many charming verses by minor poets, some of whom have probably never been quoted since the death of Pitt." You will be grateful to him for introducing you to odd, pungent, humorous things out of the secular poems of Samuel Wesley, the brother of John and Charles; to a rattling good song by John Cunningham; a more than respectable elegy by Richard Gifford, and, to say nothing of other obscure or unknown eighteenth century bards, to some charming songs

Mrs. Marion St. John Webb,

whose new book, "The House with the Twisting Passage," illustrated by Mrs. Doris Palmer, has just been published by Messrs. Harrap.

by Samuel Boyce, whom I had forgotten or never heard of—if I had read, without being aware who was its author, his "Song to Winifreda," with this closing verse:

"And when with envy Time, transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I go wooing in my boys,"

I should have ascribed it to Oliver Wendell Holmes, it is so exactly in the style and spirit of the genial Autocrat.

That Gay is, as I have suggested, a moderate Triton among these minnows will be sufficiently evident if you consider that his collected poems were recently added to the Muses' Library; that his "Beggar's Opera," no doubt because of its long and brilliant success on the stage at Hammersmith, was published with all its lyrics last year by Mr. Heinemann in a handsome volume, illustrated by Lovat Fraser; that Mr. Daniel O'Connor, who, a few months ago, published a Life of Gay, by Lewis Melville, issued in July his opera, "Polly" (6s.), the second part of the "Beggar's Opera," and has now published the most vital and distinctive of Gay's poems, "Trivia; or the Art of Walking the Streets of London" (£2 2s.) in a beautifully produced folio, with an introduction and copious and interesting notes by W. H. Williams. Rarely has any poet, great or small, been presented more artistically. In a handsome binding of white and gold, with a reproduction of the original title page, and printed in type and on paper reminiscent of the eighteenth century, a portrait and fifteen illustrations from old prints and the drawings of Hogarth, this is an ideal edition of a unique poem that appeals to the antiquary and to the lover of London, no less than to the student of poetry; and the poet who can appear to-day so exquisitely clad is not to be counted, without protest, among the flotsam and jetsam that Mr. Iolo Williams has fished out of the sixpenny box.

Photo by Dorothy Hickling, 117, Ebury Street, S.W.

Mrs. Aomabel Williams-Ellis,

whose "Anatomy of Poetry" (Blackwell) is reviewed in this Number. Mrs. Williams-Ellis is the daughter of the editor of *The Spectator*.

A minor poet of an earlier century who has been lost among the wrack of time is Charles Cotton. If he is known, it is for his excellent translation of Montaigne. Lamb, quoting his poem of "The New Year," called it "hearty and cheerful," and said it smacked "of the rough magnanimity of the old English vein;" and you will find these same qualities, with touches of neatness, daintiness and sly humour, in the sheaf of his poems that the Poetry Bookshop has issued, at the charge of five shillings, beautified with some four score of Lovat Fraser's exquisite, characteristically quaint drawings. The hearty cheerfulness that pleased Lamb is in the "Morning Quatrains":

"The Cock has crowed an hour ago,
'Tis time we now dull sleep forego. . . . .
Now doors and windows are unbar'd,
Each-where are cheerful voices heard,
And round about Good-morrows fly,
As if Day taught Humanity. . . ."

His cheerfulness is always breaking through, yet he has his moods, and can sing with a pleasant pensiveness:

"Chloris, whilst thou and I were free,
Wedded to naught but Liberty,
How sweetly happy did we live? . . ."

I can believe that Cotton was a poet after Lovat Fraser's own heart. He transcribed the poems collected here in a notebook, adding decorations from time to time between other work, and I think if Cotton could revisit the glimpses and have sight of this dainty volume he would feel that it was worth while to sleep in the dust for three centuries, to re-emerge in such delectable fashion at last.

Mr. Ronald Blaker,

whose new book, "The Voice in the Wilderness," was recently published by Mr. Jonathan Cape.

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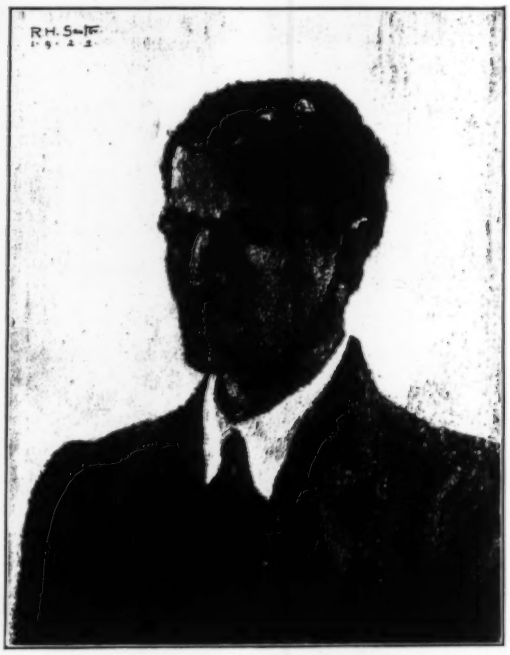
Mrs. Marion St. John Webb, whose new book of stories for children, "The House with the Twisted Passage," with illustrations by Mrs. Doris Palmer (wife of Mr. Cecil Palmer, the well-known publisher) has just been published by Messrs. Harrap, is the author of some four other books in verse and prose for children and slightly older readers, the most successful of which has been "The Littlest One," a volume of charming serious-humorous verses, that, going through several editions, has been selling steadily here and in America since its first appearance a few years ago, and is now in its thirtieth thousand. Mrs. Webb is the wife of Mr. Sidney Hastings Webb, who has done much good work in the magazines, and has lately completed his second humorous novel, "Deedles," which is to be published this autumn by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

As a portrait and landscape painter, Mr. R. H. Sauter, whose "Songs in Captivity" (3s. 6d.) was recently published by Messrs. Heinemann, has already attracted considerable attention—his painting, "The Ghost Hill," is hung in this year's Royal Academy. He is the son of a distinguished painter, and a nephew of Mr. John Galsworthy, so the fact that he is both artist and poet is perhaps explained by heredity. His sensitive illustrations to Mr. Galsworthy's "Awakening" showed him as a book-illustrator of finely imaginative gifts. Mr. Sauter's "Songs in Captivity" express with a singular freshness and poignancy the moods and fancies of a caged spirit. Through the sadness of his poems there runs, as one of his critics has phrased it, "a faith in beauty, and a felicitous capacity for expressing that faith in vivid and beautiful images." He puts pictures and atmosphere into his lines with the swift, subtle touch of the painter, but this picturesque impressionism is only the stage and scenery for a tragedy of the spirit, and I have felt in reading his poems that he is always writing of actual experiences, of sufferings personally endured, of wrongs resented with a passionate sincerity.



Mr. R. H. Sauter,
author of "Captivity" (Heinemann).
From a painting by himself.

That Prize Competitions may be the means of discovering novelists of exceptional ability is exemplified in the case of Margaret Peterson (Mrs. Fisher). She started her career in London as a journalist, filling a small post on the staff of the late lamented *Morning Leader*. In 1913 she went in for Mr. Andrew Melrose's First Novel Competition and, with "The Lure of the Little Drum," won the prize and felt, as she confesses, that her feet were at last "on the ladder that leads to the stars." Her three next books were published by Mr. Melrose, then one or two were issued by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett; her new novel, "Ninon," has just been published by Messrs. Cassell, and she has made good progress with the writing of another. For the last three or four years Mrs. Fisher has been living in Central Africa, where her husband is stationed, and her later books have reflected much of the life she lives there.

A correspondent has sent us a photograph, which we here reproduce, of the grave in Rhodesia of Gertrude Page (Mrs. Dobbin). Like that of Cecil Rhodes, it is on a granite crest, and hewn in the solid rock. The slab used to cover it, which is shown in the photograph, lying on rollers alongside the grave, is simply inscribed: "Gertrude Page. Rhodesia, April 1904–April 1922," the dates being those of her arrival in Rhodesia, and of her death.

THE BOOKMAN.

"The King's Pilgrimage" (2s. 6d.; Hodder & Stoughton) is the story of the King's recent visit to the graves of British soldiers who fell in the war, and lie buried in France and Belgium. There are many stories of the stately Progresses made by our Kings and Queens, in earlier days, through their own realm, but none so impressive in its simplicity, none so poignant in the purpose of its errand, as this record of our King's journey to those corners of foreign lands that are for ever England. The details of that journey are illustrated in numerous excellently reproduced photographs, and the book is prefaced with a poem of "The King's Pilgrimage," by Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The profits from the sale are to be distributed, by the King's desire, among those organisations that are assisting relatives of the dead to visit the cemeteries abroad.

The John Newbery medal, which is to be given annually by the Children's Librarians' Section of

Margaret Peterson
(Mrs. Fisher)
and her small son, Peter John, among the natives on the Belgian Congo border, Central Africa.

the American Library Association for the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children produced within the preceding year, has been awarded to Mr. Hendrik Willem Van Loon, for "The Story of Mankind," which is now being published in this country by Messrs. Harrap.

A new edition (the seventh) of "An Illustrated History of Furniture," by Frederick Litchfield, will be published in September by Truslove & Hanson. In this new edition the author has added considerably both to the text and the number of illustrations.

"The Liar," a comedy, translated by Grace Lovat Fraser, will be published immediately by Messrs. Selwyn & Blount. The book will contain an Introduction by Gordon Craig, and illustrations by C. Lovat Fraser.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Messrs. Newnes have published the first volume of "The Outline of Science," edited by Professor J. Arthur Thomson, the issue of which in fortnightly parts is now nearing completion. The book is meant, as the editor says, "for the general reader who lacks both time and opportunity for special study, and yet would take an intelligent interest in the progress of science which is making the world always new." To this end, stories of the triumphs of science in its various fields are told simply, interestingly, in ways that can easily be "understanded of the people." This volume deals largely with the romance of astronomy, with natural history, and evolution, and has a revealing chapter on the new psychology. The numerous illustrations in colour and black-and-white are excellently reproduced.

An anthology of Shelley's poems, carefully chosen and well arranged, has been compiled by Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson (8s. 6d. net) and is published by Mr. R. Cobden-Sanderson.

A second series of "Poems of the Day" (3s. 6d.) has been issued by Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson. Some of our older living poets are represented, and a few that have died since the beginning of the century, but most of the selections are from the writings of the younger poets of the hour. Perhaps the finest things in the collection are poems that have arisen out of the war; apart from these, our younger poets seem rather limited in range; there is a tendency to sameness in their themes, which is, however, redeemed by no little beauty of thought and felicity of phrase.

The Yale Series of younger American poets (Oxford Press; 6s. 6d. net each) has more than justified itself in the volumes hitherto published, and the two latest additions, "Dreams and a Sword," by Medora C. Addison, and "White April," by Harold Vinal, are worthy to rank with the best of their predecessors. Readers (and there are such) who have an idea that the new American poets are all apostles of the New Poetry and writing the wildest of free verse, should correct that impression by reading some of the very charming lyrics in these two volumes. They have beauty of form as well as of thought, and that touch of emotion that is the life of the lyric and is too often lacking in latter-day verse.

The sixth (1921) volume of "Wheels," edited by Edith Sitwell (Daniel; 3s. 6d.), maintains the character of its predecessors. It represents certain of the apostles of the new poetry at their crudest and most puerile. The verse is the sort of thing that amused one in the amateur magazines of one's youth and passed as the first poetic staggerings of the immature. Now we are asked to take it seriously as the finished product of adult and daring minds that are in revolt against convention. It is really

The grave of Gertrude Page in Rhodesia.
From a photograph taken just after her funeral.

a solemn reversion to schoolday amusements and belongs to the literature that includes schoolboy howlers and the unconsciously funny essays of children. As such, the two bucolic poems and "Subjective Odyssey" and "The Death of Mercury":

> "Dullness, the Deity, in conclave sat
> With Mediocrity, whose pork pie hat
> Now flaunts——"

may be read with a sympathetic smile. So may any of the others, for all these bards seem to flaunt that pork pie hat.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY.

ON November 10, 1909, I found myself in the pit of the Lyceum Theatre, winding up a day of authorised sightseeing with a fair companion too self-reliant and humorous to be easily scared. The play we happened to see contains an occult transformation scene requiring a sudden darkness in which players and audience are both temporarily engulfed. During the dramatic darkness—so much more cunning than fog—of that November night I felt my right hand tightly clasped as though by some imperilled landling catching at a boatman's hand after the third rising. As I mutely assured slender fingers that nothing less drastic than amputation should render me insensitive to their appeal, I meditated on the complexity of art and the cleverness of Mr. McCarthy. At the moment when he dramatised the awful transition of a wicked prince to the state of a court fool, at what I may call the desperate moment when he was trying to deepen by black to angry archangelic profundity the voice of Mr. Harvey Braban the actor, he was striking matches in a hundred cardiac caves.

Any artistic effect that vitally stays in an average memory for a decade announces that the artist is superior to the ordinary "professional," and it is impossible to read a catalogue of Mr. McCarthy's achievements without knowing that he is, to say the least, a big literary personality. The son of Justin McCarthy, the famous historian, politician and author of "Dear Lady Disdain," etc., he acquired a great deal more than the learning and experience necessary to become a successful *littérateur*. He was a full-blown poet, bound like Swinburne, in 1883. He was an M.P. in the time of the "Uncrowned King" of the Irish. He learned Persian; he did homage to Sardou in French prose. He was at an early age, and perhaps not altogether comfortably, a storehouse of our literary inheritance, and in "A London Legend" (a charming novel) one feels a certain impatience of the culture that quotes away the freshness of 7 o'clock a.m. When one considers his life merely as one of the public it seems to tell us about half what is meant by tasting the world. He has seen a great deal of it, geographically speaking, and he has tried to live in it when and where Joan of Arc was clairaudient, the Borgias were a-borging, Villon was rhyming, Queen Elizabeth was ruling, Dante was loving Beatrice. No wonder that, in the period when he was the playfellow of my two elder sisters, he rebelled against being called "Tiny":

> "It was difficult to avoid it" [writes Miss Elfrida Chesson to me], "and at last we were told that we should be fined one farthing every time we said 'Tiny' instead of 'Justin.' This he informed us (that is, Constance and me) one day when we had been invited to spend the afternoon [at the McCarthys' residence at Doddington Grove, Clapham]. In the course of our play in the garden I said 'Tiny' so often that I had contracted the vast debt of threepence ha'penny, and I was feeling rather blue about it towards the end of the day when Justin generously forgave me the whole amount."

Before completing my studies for this article I asked Mr. McCarthy certain questions which elicited the following replies:

> (1) "Speaking broadly, I should say that Alexandre Dumas the First and Victor Hugo were perhaps the greatest influences on my artistic production. (Of course I do not mention the obvious Great Ones; these must be taken for granted.) (2) I am, first of all, a dramatist, and have experienced the most pleasure in play-writing."

My sister Elfrida recalls that as a boy Mr. McCarthy showed the trend of his genius by his choice of games:

> "They were very dramatic [she writes] and involved a great deal of fighting, but nobody ever got hurt. One of us, perhaps Charlotte [his sister] or Cotty [my second eldest sister], would be an imprisoned lady, and we had to fight to set her free. Or Justin was Robin Hood and the rest of us his followers [bravo Imagination!]. After a time he made up plays in which he and Charlotte only took part while Cotty and I were the audience. . . . He always had a toy pistol which the hero or the villain of his play fired. . . . He used to write his plays and he and Charlotte learned their parts."

One hazards that these childish efforts at dramatic creation and performance were in Mr. McCarthy's mind when he wrote the second chapter of "The Illustrious O'Hagan."

I asked Mr. McCarthy what six works he would name if a critic pressed for time was desirous of forming a just opinion of his best achievements. His reply was: "I would put first my play, 'If I were King,' which is embodied in the novel founded upon it; then, in any order, 'Pretty Maids all in a Row,' 'The Illustrious O'Hagan,' 'Henry Elizabeth' and 'In Spacious Times.' To these I would add my experiment in fiction dealing with my own times, 'Fool of April.' I should have inserted in this list an early book of verses called 'Serapion,' but it is long since out of print."

With the courteous assistance of the eminent publishers, Messrs. Chatto & Windus, William Heinemann, Hodder & Stoughton, Hurst & Blackett and Methuen & Co., I have obtained such a view of the McCarthy pleasaunce as justifies, I think, the following remarks.

Mr. McCarthy is a great writer who has given the public a remarkable series of illusions both for the theatre and the fireside. A master hand at situations and "curtains," he addresses himself not to the cynic who superimposes Wardour Street on every gallant scene that an artist's sense of the past presents to his

audience or readers; neither does he address himself to those who, having perchance read "Salammbô" or (forgive abruptness of transition) "The Tower of London," insist on all historical fiction being an epoch of civilisation in miniature. He addresses himself to those who like to recede from the present, not to get sensations of truth coming to light, of history disincumbered from tedious details, but to enjoy sensations of sheathed and unsheathable flames, of conflicting valours, of relief from over-organised safety and the arid altruism of modern law.

I called him a great writer, and this adjective may sound queer to those whose opinions of writing are their opinions of "plots" and markets. Sensational, melodramatic, improbable, cheap are adjectives with which an adroitly violent hand can seem to knock a literary reputation "tail-over-tip" into the waste-paper basket, yet a great writer may deserve them all. One may almost tell a great writer by phrases, let alone sentences and pages. For instance, such a phrase as that accusing the angel:

> "who breaks
> With pitiless hands to-day
> from yesterday,"

informed whosoever read it with understanding in 1883 that Mr. McCarthy was at least not a small writer, though not a deep or intense thinker. One may indeed take up "Serapion and Other Poems" and observe or conjecture influences of Swinburne, Keats, Praed; but, there is no mistaking the fact that the soloist is a master, that his relation to life, truth and joy approaches the filial and that he knows there were wines more exquisite than drunkenness at the feasts of religious pagans. If Mr. McCarthy had stuck to poetry he would doubtless have surpassed Stephen Phillips in poetico-dramatic success, but he was wise to bring his creativeness to prose, as the melody of long-sustained verse, especially when distributed among characters, is not an adequate compensation for metrical fetters. Furthermore, the path of the poetry of the future is the path of philosophy, and philosophy goes patiently and resolutely past the sensually distinguishable and objective into the unseen and formless. When one feels certain almost passionate regrets for impersonal objective loss, as at almond blossom blown on to the pavement, one is usually in the throes of ignorance and, if hurried thereby into verse, stands out definitely as a minor poet—a sorrier object than a naked almond tree. Poetry astray from philosophy has, in fact, a terrible tendency to identify a fine singer with feeble thought, while it is unfortunately true that though poetry is but little read the only possible way of reading it is—attentively.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy.**

Mr. McCarthy has, however, written such successful prose novels and plays that Fame has left his verse to bibliophiles while trumpeting the merits of his fiction to the crowd for whom the novel and the play are mechanisms for their own reincarnation, rather than feats of composition and language. There was a time when he had the imprudence to write a tale that "began miserably and ended miserablier," the reference being to "Lily Lass," a tale of the Young Irelanders (1889), but though he is Irish and a historian of Ireland (*vide* his useful "Outline of Irish History"), his imagination does not live in the mist of tears with the artistic felicity of, say, Miss Julia Crottie, author of "The Lost Land." His pen delights in the romance resulting from masquerading and sudden glorification. Villon turned into the Grand Constable of France (*vide* "If I were King"), the bank's third cashier turned into affluent gentleman (*vide* "Fool of April"), the shop-girl turned into the nobleman's darling granddaughter (*vide* "The Golden Shoe") —these instances suffice to show his penchant for what I may call a rationalised fairy tale. Perhaps in "Henry Elizabeth," regarded as a complete work in itself, we see at its best such faculty as he has for presenting to us a finality of sorrow; it is assuredly a mature, ingenious and fascinating work. As a rule, however, critics who favour realism will not be found thumping drums in front of Mr. McCarthy's successes. Now I am not going to say that the swordsmanship of Lagadere in "The Duke's Motto" is realistic; I will even assert that the novelist's art has not made it convincing. There is such a person as Mr. Two Arms, however fondly we believe in Briareus. But I am entirely with Mr. McCarthy in his addiction to exhibiting the effects of an almost miraculous change for the better in fortune and environment, for in a large number of cases right thinking implies mental transplanting.

Irishmen are addicted to rhetoric, and it becomes sometimes a malady in their style. Mr. McCarthy is happily able to command magnificent brevities and the implied rhetoric of those "situations" which appeal without words. Moreover, he understands pathos, tenderness, and knows how to be droll and humorous.

If it be true, as his Omar Khayyám asserts, that "No man has ever passed a step outside himself," it is true that the mind of Justin Huntly McCarthy is populous with the gay, the gallant and the beautiful.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE READER.

CAPTAIN FREDERICK MARRYAT, R.N.

By S. M. Ellis.

ONE would not venture to say at this late date, in view of Mr. Conrad, that Marryat retains his old position as the greatest novelist of the sea: it is more correct now to term the earlier writer the greatest novelist of life in the Royal Navy. That designation Marryat can still claim, despite the fact that the conditions of service afloat have entirely changed in the hundred years and more that have elapsed since he gained the experiences he so faithfully and realistically reflected in his naval romances. Heredity, too, contributed its quota to his particular literary qualifications, for the sea and adventure in far countries were in his blood by reason of the lives of his immediate forbears.

Captain Marryat.

From the painting by John Simpson in the National Portrait Gallery.

Like most families, the Marryats believed they were descended from knightly ancestors, but it will suffice here to note that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries they were of the middle-class in England, several of them doctors, with a partiality for Christian names of biblical origin. Obadiah, Zachariah, Zephaniah, Hephzibah, Josiah, Elyas, Samuel, Benjamin, Joseph, Hannah are of frequent occurrence in the pedigree. The novelist's great-grandfather, Zephaniah Marryat, D.D., author of theological works, lived in Southwark, and as his son Joseph was married in St. Paul's Cathedral, in 1744, to Penelope Reid, the families were presumably of some civic importance.

Zephaniah's fourth son, Thomas Marryat, M.D., born in 1730 (the grandfather of Captain Marryat), was an interesting person. As a youth he acted as lay preacher at Wymondham. He became ordained in 1754 and moved to Southwold, on the coast of Suffolk. He married Sarah, daughter of John Davy of that town, a relative presumably of the artist of the same name who, some sixty years later, published a series of engraved views of Southwold. The two eldest children—one of them destined to be the novelist's father—of Thomas Marryat's marriage were born at Southwold. A few years later, in 1760, he resigned the ministry and went to Edinburgh to study medicine. Later he travelled on the Continent and in America. Returning to England, he practised as a doctor at Shrewsbury and in Ireland, where he was deified by his patients, although he is described as an ugly, morose man, aping the ill manners of Johnson—"a perfect hedgehog to strangers and those whom he disliked." He finally settled at Bristol, where he died in 1792. His book, "Therapeutics, or the Art of Healing," became famous, and ran into thirty-seven editions.

His eldest son Joseph (the novelist's father), born in 1757, after spending his early years in Southwold, was trained for a mercantile career and then sent to Grenada. In 1788 he visited the United States, where he became acquainted with the family of Frederick von Geyer of Boston, a German originally from Frankfort. Marryat married the second daughter, Charlotte von Geyer, and returning to England the following year—1789—he commenced a prosperous career as a merchant in London.

It has hitherto been erroneously stated in memoirs and articles that his second and famous son, Frederick Marryat, the naval novelist, was born in Great George Street, Westminster; but the researches of the late Mr. Cecil Davis, of Wandsworth, have conclusively established the fact that the future author was born on July 10th, 1792, in Catherine Court (near the Tower of London), in the parish of All Hallows, Barking. Catherine Court, which connected Trinity Square with Seething Lane, was unfortunately demolished a few years ago in connection with the new buildings of the Port of London Authority; but it is appropriate to remember that the sea novelist was born in that nautical part of London, near the great river and the wharves of merchandise, and within sight of Trinity House and the old Navy Office—the original Admiralty—and Seething Lane, with its memories of Pepys. Later his parents removed to New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, and here, still near the Thames, Frederick Marryat spent his early boyhood.

Joseph Marryat's prosperity continued to increase. He became head of the banking house of Marryat, Kaye, Price & Co.; Chairman of the Committee at Lloyds; and Colonial Agent for the islands of Grenada and Trinidad. He was elected M.P. for Horsham (1808–10) and Sandwich (1812–24), and spoke frequently and with authority in the House on colonial and commercial matters. In 1815 he removed from the City, as a resident, to Wimbledon Park House, but he died very suddenly at his bank office in Mansion House Street in 1824. His widow continued to reside at Wimbledon Park House for thirty years, until her death in 1854; she greatly improved and developed the gardens there, planting many rare trees and shrubs. She was elected a Fellow of the Horticultural Society.

Wimbledon Park House.
From an engraving taken when Mrs. Joseph Marryat resided there, 1815-54.

Despite his father's wealth (and that of his childless uncle, Samuel Marryat, K.C., of 41, Russell Square, who left £300,000 at his death), Frederick Marryat was not favoured with a good education. He was merely sent to a private school kept by a man named Freeman, at Ponders End, where he proved to be an idle and troublesome pupil. Babbage was his contemporary here for a time. Much of Marryat's home and school life was reflected in his subsequent novels, and it would seem he was not very happy as a boy. Three times he ran away to sea and was as many times brought back to home or school (and caning). At last, his father, realising that the Navy was the right life for such an exuberant, restless spirit as his second son, secured for the boy a nomination as midshipman. In September, 1806, at the age of fourteen, Frederick Marryat joined the frigate *Impérieuse*, under Captain Lord Cochrane (later Dundonald), and sailed for the Mediterranean.

It was a splendid period of the British Navy. Trafalgar was but a year ago, and Cochrane second only to Nelson in distinction and integrity. His influence upon the youthful Marryat was great. Rugged, fearless, violent in temper, he was the beau-ideal, the model of a frigate captain, and as such he is depicted in "The Naval Officer," or "Frank Mildmay," as Captain Savage in "Peter Simple" and as Captain M. in "The King's Own." In his own private log Marryat spoke of his first captain's solicitude for his men: "I never knew anyone so careful of the lives of his ship's company as Lord Cochrane, or anyone who calculated so closely the risks attending any expedition."

When only fifteen Marryat took part in a sanguinary little battle off Corsica with a Maltese privateer, when seventeen men were killed on the ship and fifteen killed and wounded on the *Impérieuse*. In 1808 the frigate had an eventful cruise along the Spanish coast, bombarding forts and ports, these events being related later in at least three of Marryat's books. Next his ship was engaged in frequent attacks on the French transport services which were endeavouring to reach Barcelona; and the defence of Rosas, where Marryat received a bayonet wound, is well described in "The Naval Officer." Marryat was engaged in the Walcheren expedition, and next served on the *Centaur*, the flagship of Sir Samuel Hood, in the Mediterranean. He

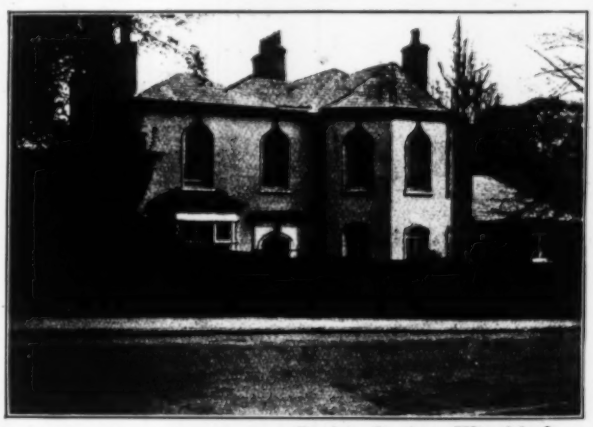
Sussex House (Back View), Hammersmith,
where Marryat lived 1830-4.
From a photograph in the possession of Mr. S. Martin.

was for a short time on the *Namur*, and then, joining the *Æolus*, he went to the West Indies, which provided scenes for many of his subsequent books. After a further period on the *Spartan* and *Indian* he returned home in 1812 and received his commission as lieutenant.

In 1813 he was appointed to the sloop *L'Espiègle*, and cruised along the coast of South America. The next two years provided a variety of naval experiences.

The Peace of 1815 found Marryat at the age of twenty-three a Commander. He visited the Continent, and in 1819 married Catharine, daughter of Sir Stephen Shairp, Consul-General in Russia, by whom he had seven children, the best known being his youngest daughter Florence, who became prominent as a novelist and investigator of spiritualistic phenomena. Mrs. Marryat survived her husband for thirty-five years.

When in command of the *Beaver* sloop Marryat saw the end of Napoleon. An English warship was always kept cruising off St. Helena to prevent the escape of the fallen Emperor. Marryat's ship was the last to fulfil this duty; and he himself made a sketch of Napoleon on his deathbed, for Marryat



Gothic Lodge, Wimbledon.
Marryat lived here in 1840.
Photograph by Mr, G. C. Druce, sent by Miss M. Grant.

The Manor Cottage, Langham, Norfolk,
where Marryat died in 1848.
From a view lent by Mr. T. Davis.

was a skilful artist in addition to his literary capabilities.

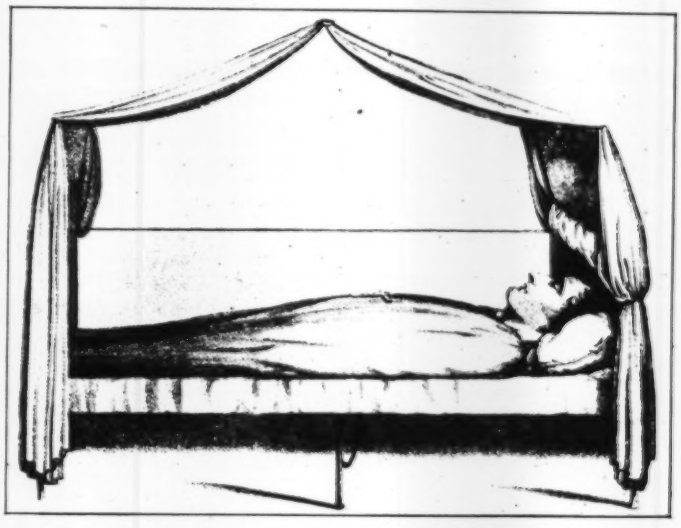
Being in ill-health, he exchanged to the *Rosario*, and it fell to him to bring to Spithead the dispatches announcing the Emperor's death. Soon after—1821—the *Rosario* was ordered to Harwich to form part of the naval escort which attended the body of Queen Caroline (wife of George IV) to Stade, *en route* for interment at Brunswick. The following year Marryat was engaged in hunting down smugglers, and in 1823 he was appointed to the *Larne*, which proceeded to India and took part in the invasion of Burma. Marryat saw a good deal of active service there, and his health was further affected by the climate and the salt food which formed the diet of the Navy. He was rewarded by the Companionship of the Bath, the thanks of the Indian Government and the command of the *Ariadne* (28 guns). This was his last ship. He resigned in 1830, and he never applied again for a command except once, perhaps, at the end of his life.

Marryat had now reached the second phase of his career. He was a post-captain and C.B. at thirty-eight, and he resolved henceforth to devote himself to his family (from whom he had been absent continually on service) and a literary career, for which he had long possessed an inclination. As far back as 1817 he had published "A Code of Signals for the Use of Vessels Employed in the Merchant Service," and in 1822 "Suggestion for the Abolition of the Present System of Impressment in the Naval Service." His first novel, "The Naval Officer, or Scenes and Adventures in the Life of Frank Mildmay," appeared in March, 1829, and, as he stated later, it is largely autobiographical as regards the sea adventures, though he disclaimed the "vices" of the hero. "The King's Own" was published in April, 1830, and, like its predecessor, was anonymous. Nevertheless it achieved immediate success, for six days after its appearance we find Harrison Ainsworth writing to his friend Crossley: "'The King's Own' is excellent, excepting always the catastrophe, which is forced, unnatural and revolting; but there are some spirited descriptive scenes, much acute remark and much caricature sketching. It will amuse you. I know of nothing else." The character of Willie in this book was drawn from Marryat's little boy of the same name who had died in 1826 at the age of seven.

Marryat returned to London at the close of 1830. He had been appointed Equerry to the Duke of Sussex, one of the fatuous younger brothers of the King (William IV). The Duke lived at Kensington Palace and, presumably in order to be near his duties, Marryat purchased from him Sussex House, Hammersmith, which stood with its large garden on the east side of what is now Fulham Palace Road.* Here, for the first two years, Marryat led a life of continuous social gaiety and extravagance, entertaining people he met at Kensington Palace, mixed with a few literary men, such as Captain Chamier (whose best naval novel, "Ben Brace," was written a few years later—1836) and Theodore Hook, who would delight the assembled company with his ventriloquial and imitative extravagances.

Marryat said he ran through three fortunes at this period—his shares of the estates of his father, his brother Samuel, and his wealthy uncle Samuel, the K.C., of Russell Square. "The smiles of Princes proving evanescent," Marryat resumed literary work in earnest. He contributed to *The Metropolitan Magazine* at the rate of sixteen pounds a sheet, and became editor of this periodical in 1832. "Newton Forster" was written in 1831. Marryat's industry became amazing. "Peter Simple," "Jacob Faithful" (the author's favourite book), and parts of "The Pacha of Many Tales" all belong to 1833–4. There was no doubt financial necessity to meet the expenses of his lavish hospitality and his unsuccessful attempt to enter the

* A previous occupant of the house in 1812-17 was Mrs. Billington, the famous opera singer: it was then described as in "Fulham Fields." Marryat owned for a time 5, Cleveland Row, St. James's, about 1821.



Sketch of Napoleon on his death bed at St. Helena.
Drawn on the spot by Captain Frederick Marryat in 1821.

House of Commons as Member for Tower Hamlets. His elder brother, Joseph, author of "Pottery and Porcelain," had been M.P. for their father's old constituency of Sandwich since 1826.

At this period of rash living, Marryat one night, after dinner and copious champagne, foolishly exchanged Sussex House, Hammersmith, for a smaller dwelling with a thousand acres at Langham, in Norfolk, which proved to be the cause of further financial troubles, for he was quite ignorant about how to manage farm land. In 1834 Marryat removed to Brighton, where he lived in the house at the south-western corner of Hampton Place and Western Rōad. Here he wrote "Japhet in Search of a Father," and probably "The Pirate" and "The Three Cutters" and the early portions of "Mr. Midshipman Easy" (which was published in 1836). In 1835 the novelist and his family went off post-haste to the Continent, probably for monetary reasons, and led a gay life at Brussels. Charles Lever and G. P. R. James, with their respective families, did the same. By the time he got to Spa he found it well to live more quietly. He wrote to Lady Blessington in the summer of 1836:

Captain Frederick Marryat, R.N.

From a portrait in the possession of Mrs. Belcher, and photographed by courtesy of Mr. H. W. Belcher.

"I was tired of bustle, and noise, and excitement, and here there is room for meditation. . . . I write very little, just enough to amuse me, and make memorandums and think. . . . I never thought that I should feel a pleasure in idleness; but I do now. I had done too much and I required repose, or *rather repose to some portions of my brain*. . . . I believe that this is the first epoch of real quiet that I have had in my stormy life. . . . I walk about and pick early flowers with the children, sit on a bench in the beautiful *allées vertes* which we have here, smoke my cigar, and meditate till long after the moon is in the zenith."

Only for a short time was this quiet, idle life to last, for in 1837 Marryat left for America, and that same year his "Snarleyow, or The Dog Fiend" was published, though it was really written in the previous year. "The Phantom Ship" also belongs to 1837, though it was not issued in book form until two years later. Both these works—though a new departure in style—are among Marryat's best seven books. He successfully presented the supernatural, no easy thing to do, and in the case of "The Phantom Ship" vividly revived the old legends of Vanderdecken and the Werewolf.

He had an eventful two years in America. He visited Canada and took part in the fighting against the rebellious French population in 1838. His experiences were recorded in "A Diary in America," published in 1839. He returned home in the spring of that year and went to live at 8, Duke Street, St. James's. But, ever restless, a year later found him at his mother's home, Wimbledon Park House. Then he took for a short time Gothic Lodge, Wimbledon, which had a previous literary association in the person of Lady Anne Barnard, author of "Auld Robin Gray." Next Marryat occupied chambers at 120, Piccadilly, and thence removed to No. 3, Spanish Place, Manchester Square, where he once more entertained a good deal, his guests now being chiefly literary people, including Dickens, Forster, Bulwer, Ainsworth, D'Orsay, and Lady Blessington. But he was soon in financial difficulties again; and beginning to weary of incessant literary work, and, perhaps longing a little for the old life at sea of his youth, he wrote on one occasion: "If I were not rather in want of money, I certainly would not write any more, for I am rather tired of it. I should like to disengage myself from the fraternity of authors, and be known in future only in my profession as a good officer and seaman."

Yet he had of necessity to write as hard as ever, and "Poor Jack," the excellent "Masterman Ready," "Joseph Rushbrook, or The Poacher," "Percival Keene," and "Monsieur Violet" followed in rapid succession.

Then suddenly, in 1843, Marryat cut himself adrift from all his friends, left London and settled at Langham, near Holt, the house he had acquired from its builder, Copland, in exchange for Sussex House, Hammersmith (which would have proved a valuable possession for his heirs to-day in view of the building development of the site). The thousand acres in Norfolk he had endeavoured to farm on his own account, with very grave financial loss—over £1,000 in 1842 alone. He hoped to improve matters by living on the spot, though he was worn out in health and his eyesight failing.

The loss on the land at Langham was not so excessive after he came to reside there, and the Manor Cottage was a picturesque thatched house, covered with roses and ivy, built in imitation of The Cottage, the favourite residence of George IV in Windsor Great Park. Here Marryat adopted the life and appearance in dress of the farmer; he shed the attributes of the literary man and the naval officer—even growing a beard, which would have been an impossible solecism in his service days. He rose at five a.m. and acted as his own farm bailiff, riding round his land on his pony called "Dumpling." At other times he found pleasure in walking the lanes, watching the buds develop in the spring, and the birds and nature in all aspects. In the evenings he would play Blind Man's Buff with his children, and romp and dance with them, as he was wont to do in earlier years. Forster records how

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Marryat "had a frantic delight in dancing, especially with children, of whom and whose enjoyments he was as fond as it became so thoroughly good-hearted a man to be. . . . He was among the first in Dickens's liking."

Apparently Marryat had no regrets for the social life and all the good friends he had voluntarily abandoned in London. Forster and others wrote to beg him to come up and meet them again in festive symposium, but in vain. He was content with his rural solitude, and perhaps aware of the Shadow of Death. The books he wrote in his last phase are in no way comparable with his early work. They comprise "The Settlers in Canada," "The Mission; or Scenes in Africa," "The Children of the New Forest," "The Little Savage," and "Valerie," which he was too ill to finish. "The Privateersman" (1846) was only partly written by Marryat. The earlier portion was the actual autobiography of Captain Robinson Elsdale, and it was sent to Marryat by Harrison Ainsworth with a request to edit it, and enlarge the narrative for *The New Monthly Magazine*, which was duly done. An earlier novel, "Rattlin the Reefer" (1836), generally attributed to Marryat, was in fact written by Edward Howard, who acted as sub-editor, under Marryat, of *The Metropolitan Magazine*.

In 1847 Marryat suffered further severe financial loss by the failure of his property in West India. He made an effort to re-enter the Navy, but he applied for employment in vain. These worries caused a return of a physical trouble which he had suffered from intermittently since his youth, despite his muscular appearance. It caused the rupture of blood-vessels. During his last year Marryat went to Wimbledon, to Hastings, to Brighton, in the hope that a milder climate might restore his health. But a final blow of fate rendered every effort vain, when his eldest son, Lieutenant Frederick Marryat, was drowned in the wreck of the naval steamer *Avenger*, in December, 1847. That was the end for the father too. He had no desire to live, and when his doctors in London, at a final consultation, gave him six months more before the end would come, he announced the sentence to his children with an "undisturbed and half-smiling countenance."

He returned to Langham and waited for death during the summer months:

> "Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
> The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
> To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
> The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
> So sad, so strange, the days that are no more."

To prevent the rupture of blood-vessels, all food diet was given up and he was only kept alive by lemonade. All through the long summer days he lay in the drawing-room at Langham, while his daughters read aloud to him. Flowers delighted him to the end until consciousness failed. The terrible weakness brought on delirium. Morphia became necessary, and it was at the close of a long period of unconsciousness that final rest and peace came, mercifully, at dawn on August 9th, 1848.

Mr. Conrad has written of Marryat and his work and character:

> "He is the enslaver of youth . . . by the heroic quality of his own unique temperament. . . . His novels are not the outcome of his art, but of his character, like the deeds that make up his record of service. . . . He has created a priceless legend. . . ."

That is a fine tribute from a great writer to a great predecessor.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AUGUST, 1922.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best short quotation from English verse in praise of a holiday on the open road.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to G. C. Comfort, of "Roewood," Woodville Road, New Barnet, Herts, for the following:

THE FAILURE.

They say you are a failure. In the race
For wealth and power, you amidst your kin
Must take the lowest place.

A failure! Have they ever seen your face
When some one weak or helpless sought your aid?
A failure! Have they ever been with you
When, on some peerless morn in early Spring,
A lark has risen from the waking earth,
And spilled its sweetness in the arc of blue?
Have they been with you when the grey buds cling
Like feathered nestlings to the willow bough,
And seen you touch them as a bride might touch
The orange-blossoms wreathèd for her brow?

You have the ears that hear, the eyes that see
The shy, wild things in hedgerow and in tree;
You love the fresh-turned earth, the smell of trees,
The healthful heather, and the moorland breeze.
You love to tramp in search of shady nook,
Your pocket sagging with some oft-read book.
You see the colours in the London streets,
You know its busy spots, its quiet retreats.

Not mine the pen to show you as I would,
But knowing you I know that life is good.
Teach me your secret, help me, O my friend,
To find the good in all that fate may send.
Help me to win contentment, mental health,
To yield to others in the race for wealth.
Help me to keep my sense of values true,
Help me to fail as splendidly as you.

We also select for printing:

BATTLES LONG AGO.

Down through the centuries,
Treading relentlessly,
Hear we the fighting men
  Marching to war!
Fearful the venture is,
Where, like a hurricane,
Death o'er the battle-field
  Rageth afar!

Roman and Saracen
Pass in their panoply;
Bowmen of Parthia,
  Mongol and Mede;
Heroes of Marathon,
Patriots, warriors:
Still they go marching by,
  Fated to bleed!

Vanity, vanity!
Captives and conquerors
Gone to the silences—
  Piteous the pain
Man's inhumanity
Bringeth to man—and yet
Lo! where the Star of Hope
  Riseth again!

(Margaret Ormiston, 83, Coleherne Court, S.W.5.)

DUST IN THE WIND.

The wind has a sound of tears,
And the dust is whirled by
Like the ancient tale of the years
Turned to a cloud and a cry.

Scholar and king and priest,
And a queen who was kind,
Now out of their toils released,
Become a dust in the wind.

Beauty and power and sweet breath
Fallen at length to this!
And are *they* in the wind's cold death?
Not they, but their sorrow is!

Scholar, and king with his train,
Whirled as the dust goes by!
Their glory is earth again,
And their sorrow, the wind's cry.

(Vera I. Arlett, 5, Forest Road, Broadwater, Worthing.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by Roland Sutton (Cirencester), Dorothy Hope (Southwold), Frank Williams (Middleton), V. Dayrell (Hampstead), Julia Wickham Greenwood (Gibraltar), C. Douberg (Ceylon), Leonard Donaldson (London, W.C.), Thomas E. Kinna, Agnes D. Scott (Woolwich), Una Malleson (London, W.), Ella Rivers Noble (Forest Rise), A. M. Balean (Cooksbridge), B. B. Horton (Westerham), Winnifred Tasker (Middleham), May McCready (Stockton-on-Tees), E. MacBean (Bristol), E. Marguerite Goode (West Croydon), P. Chambers (Bristol), Mary E. McDonough (Liverpool), Arthur Portars (Woodford Green), Elsie B. Granville (Bournemouth), B. Newton (Brighton), T. Duggan (Manchester), Arthur C. Inman (Boston, Mass.), Mrs. Loxton (Earl's Court), W. Randolph (London, W.C.), F. Stewart (Chelsea), Sadie C. Clay (Tingley), H. M. S. (Kilmartin), C. W. Anderson (Bhamo, Upper Burma), Eileen Carfrae (London, S.W.).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to A. Eleanor Pinnington, of 10, St. David's Hill, Exeter, for the following:

SOME NEW EVIDENCE FOR HUMAN SURVIVAL.
BY REV. C. DRAYTON THOMAS. (Collins.)

"The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, *An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.*

We also select for printing:

THE EVERLASTING WHISPER. BY JACKSON GREGORY.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"What will Mrs. Grundy say?"

THOMAS MORTON, *Speed the Plough*, Act. I, Sc. 1.

(Annie A. Robinson, 3, Penn Lea Road, Weston, Bath.)

THE HAPPY FOOL. BY JOHN PALMER.
(Christophers.)

"Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat."

BUTLER, *Hudibras.*

Sidney S. Wright, 171, Widmore Road, Bromley, Kent.)

MEMOIRS OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.
(Thornton Butterworth.)

"But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory."

R. SOUTHEY, *The Battle of Blenheim.*

(Hansen Caine, Tuxlythe, Milland, Liphook, Hants.)

The Tomb of Captain Marryat in Langham Churchyard, Norfolk.
Photograph by Jarrold, sent by Mr. N. J. Rippingall and the Rev. J. H. Toy.
Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Jarrold & Sons, Norwich.

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III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best four-line epigram on any recent novel is awarded to Miss E. R. Faraday, of Church Croft, Orleton, Brimfield, Herefordshire, for the following:

THE JUDGE. By REBECCA WEST. (Hutchinson.)

One solitary excellence exalts
This critic-novelist: was never known
A Judge so merciless to others' faults,
So lenient to her own.

Many of the epigrams are disappointing, but we commend those by Charles H. Cuddy (Birkdale), Bernard Lennon (Barrow-in-Furness), S. S. Wright (Bromley), Vivien Ford (Baldock), John D. Hayward (Holt), Mannington Sayers (Totnes), C. Burton (Upper Norwood), Lottie Hoskins (Birmingham).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best hundred-word review is awarded to Enid Blyton, of 34, Oakwood Avenue, Beckenham, Kent, for the following:

THE PRACTICE OF AUTO-SUGGESTION.
By C. HARRY BROOKS. (Allen & Unwin.)

For those who wish to study auto-suggestion for themselves and who find Professor Baudouin's excellent treatise a little beyond them, this book on Dr. Coué's methods and teaching is much to be welcomed. The exposition is admirably clear and interesting. There is a descriptive account of the Coué clinic at Nancy, and an easily grasped explanation of the ideas underlying auto-suggestion. These, together with clear instructions in its successful practice, combine to make up a valuable handbook for those who wish to study the power and the value of auto-suggestion as advocated and practised by the now famous Dr. Coué.

We also select for printing:

POEMS. By ISAAC ROSENBERG.
(Heinemann.)

Apart from one inferior poem published in "Georgian Poetry, 1916–17," the work of Isaac Rosenberg is practically unknown to the public. Yet when, at the age of twenty-seven, he was killed in action at the front, he left behind him work not only important in itself but very much more so in its promise. The introductory memoir by Laurence Binyon is well written, sympathetic and informative. Gordon Bottomley's selection of the poems shows clearly Rosenberg's artistic tendencies, the evolution of his style and his accomplishment. There are lyrics here that no anthologist of the period can justifiably overlook.

(Geoffrey H. Wells, 14, Essich Street, Roath Park, Cardiff.)

We specially commend the reviews by R. May (Chelsea), B. C. Hardy (Kensington), Winifred M. Davies (Derby), Arbel M. Aldous (Hendon), E. J. Pocock (Highbury), Sidney S. Wright (Bromley), B. Noel Saxelby (Buxton), R. M. Hillier (Highbury), J. A. Jenkins (Burleigh), Frederick Willmer (Ramsey), L. Mugford (London, S.W.), Mrs. Percy Smith (Newton Abbot), G. Ralton Barnard (York), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Joyce McGown Clark (Sunninghill), Alice Youle Hind (Brighton), Sophie Trevor (Bolton), T. A. Clough (Minehead).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to B. H. Beard, 214, Broadway, Bexleyheath, Kent.

SIR H. RIDER HAGGARD AND HIS WORK.

By WILFRID L. RANDELL.

MANY authors, having produced a book which by its special theme or manner appeals suddenly to the public, continue to devise other works in the same vein for the remainder of their career, or until the vein grows too weak to be profitably exploited. Sir Rider Haggard, however, avoided this temptation, strong though it must once have been. His interests were world-wide, and more serious affairs, in which he has done great and recognised service to the British Dominions, claimed his attention year after year. Since the war, for instance, he visited all the Overseas Dominions as representative of the Royal Colonial Institute in connection with the after-war settlement scheme for ex-Service men. Yet beneath all his more solid work—to treat which would need a whole issue of this paper—the thread of romance seems never to be lost. Every now and then it gives a tug, reminds him of its existence, and the result is another fantasy, another tale of mystery and adventure, the most recent example being "The Virgin of the Sun" (Cassell; 7s. 6d.).

After reading this, I was tempted to turn back to a favourite of many years ago—"Cleopatra"—and to wonder whether or not it had lost its charm. And by the time I had reached that great speech of the high priest to Harmachis, the young hero, the spell of the romance was upon me again:

"He who would serve the Gods, Harmachis, must put aside the failings of the flesh. Taunts must not move him, nor any lusts of man. Thine is a high mission, but this thou must learn. If thou learn it not, thou shalt fail therein; and then, my curse be on thee! and the curse of Egypt, and the curse of Egypt's broken Gods! For know thou this, that even the Gods, who are immortal, may, in the interwoven scheme of things, lean upon the man who is their instrument, as a warrior on his sword. And woe be to the sword that snaps in the hour of battle, for it shall be thrown aside to rust, or perchance be melted with fire. Therefore make thy heart pure and high and strong; for thine is no common lot, and thine no mortal meed. Triumph, Harmachis, and in glory thou shalt go— in glory here and hereafter! Fail, and woe—woe be on thee!"

Here, once again, was the "atmosphere," cleverly suggested by the turn of phrase; but there is more than cleverness in it. There is distinctly power—a suggestion of beauty and dread and fate, not to be attained by mere imitation of old-time phraseology. And the parallel between "Cleopatra" of 1889 and "The Virgin of the Sun" of 1922 is significant. We have again the ancient manuscript—this time it is a pile of parchments discovered in an old chest lying among the antiques of a curio-shop; the characters in an unknown language, this time deciphered by experts at great expense; and the story itself, which of course was contained in that dull and half decayed parchment script. But though the production of a romance by these imagined aids seems reducible to a formula or recipe, there is all the difference in the world between

doing it badly and doing it well—as there is between a dish prepared by a skilled *chef* and the dish from the same recipe prepared by a "cook-general." Sir Rider Haggard is a past master in the art; and who will complain that the dish has been served before, when the result is so alluring?

The setting of this story is at first Hastings of olden days, then London, and finally the empire of Peru before the Spanish invasion—about the time of Richard II of England. Hubert of Hastings is a young gallant who, through a French raid on the town, during which he shows his courage in the rescue of a fair lady, is compelled to seek London, where in due time he becomes the wealthy proprietor of his uncle's business in Cheapside. Further adventures, however, are in store for him; he saves a bewildered, distinguished-looking foreigner from a hustling at the docks, and this man, Kari, becomes his servant. Then, having killed his wife's lover of high degree, he flies from England with Kari, on board one of his own ships, and after weeks of running before terrible gales they find themselves in the tropics, apparently off the coast of Central America. Here the real, breathless story begins, which I shall not spoil by attempting to describe, only permitting myself to say that Kari is of royal blood, and an awkward friend to have when his desires are crossed. With the poignant memories of his boyhood and youth and frustrated early love always sounding an undertone amid the fierce happenings of exotic wars and intrigues, Hubert finds his fate with the wonderful Quilla, the "Virgin of the Sun," after thrilling years and manifold escapes from death, and the book ends upon a note of triumphant union.

Sir H. Rider Haggard.
From a painting by W. Strang.

I note one point about this exciting romance with pleasure—the absence of the "magical" element, upon which so much of the effect of certain other books was built, "Cleopatra" in particular. It is rather late in the day for incantations and invocations in fiction; we have to recognise that a hard-headed, disillusioned and incredulous generation has to scramble for a living now in an utterly practical manner, and although its members turn eagerly for relief to romance, they want to feel that it "might really have happened." Magnificently though the long scene is sustained in which Harmachis and Cleopatra rifle the gems from the royal mummy in the mysterious heart of the Pyramid (even to-day I feel a creepy shudder at the flitting to and fro of the bat which was the revengeful soul of an age-long dead Pharaoh), and vividly as the occult powers and visions of Harmachis are treated, readers now are less inclined to surrender their reason even temporarily to the acceptance of this class of event. Instead of creating an illusion, magic (as apart from mystery) is apt to destroy it. There are but faint hints of the supernatural in Sir Rider Haggard's latest novel, and the utterances of a golden image—a sacred oracle—are suspect, for, says Hubert, "nor did I ever learn whether Rimac the Speaker was a spirit or but a lump of metal through which some priest talked." Totally on another plane, we perceive, from that of the Egyptians! So the book is satisfying to the critical, practical taste of modern readers, while still conveying a curious thrill of a kind which no other author, so far as I know, can inspire.

"King Solomon's Mines" was published in 1885—the firstfruit of its author's African travels; he was then twenty-nine years of age, and had already formed close associations with that continent, having been secretary to Sir Henry Bulwer, Governor of Natal, in 1875; on the staff of Sir T. Shepstone, Special Commissioner to the Transvaal, in 1877; and in the same year with General Brooke, R.E., when the British flag was formally hoisted over the South African Republic at Pretoria on Queen Victoria's birthday. Two years later he was a lieutenant and adjutant in the Pretoria Horse; and the rest of the acts of Sir Rider Haggard, and nearly all that he did, are they not written in the chronicles of the kings of letters? All the time he has been observant; and not only of "foreign" affairs—for "Beatrice," which appeared in 1890, is concerned entirely with the eternal triangle, husband, wife, and the Other Woman. I do not know what the critics of thirty years ago said about this novel, but it is an appealing, emotional and sad little story of happiness just missed, and, with "Jess," it proved that its author was in sympathy with real life as ordinary English people have to live it, as well as in touch with past centuries and dead dynasties.

So we bridge the years, and I have not space to elaborate my sketch of Sir Rider Haggard's work. His "work," moreover, is a national asset if we include his voyage round the world, dated with beautiful and spacious vagueness "1912–1917," as a member of the Dominions Royal Commission. Our only wonder is that in the pleasant meshes of such varied engagements he has found time to free himself once more to respond to that subtle demand for romance which is never quite silenced within him. That his hand has never lost a whit of its cunning his latest tale of far-off days amply proves.

XUM

TOLSTOY'S MISTAKE.

By Aylmer Maude.

TOLSTOY disapproved of copyright, which he regarded as a device for unduly enriching writers and publishers at the expense of readers. He thought no one should write for pay; for the world is already full of bad books written for money, which is an evil in itself. During his last thirty years, when he was the most prominent literary man alive, he accepted not a penny for what he wrote, and publicly repudiated all legal rights in his works, which everybody might publish and republish as, and when, and where, and how, they pleased. Not desiring pay, and disapproving of legal restraints, it is not to be wondered at that he took up this position.

Even a man of Macaulay's practical common sense said (in his famous speeches on Copyright in the House of Commons) that "Copyright is monopoly and produces all the effects that the general voice of mankind attributes to monopoly . . . it makes things dear." The only advantage Macaulay attributed to it was that it secured payment for authors; which was precisely what Tolstoy did not desire. His aim was to satisfy his conscience by working without payment, to render his works accessible and cheap, and to avoid the friction and ill-will which, he thought, was attached to the exercise of legal restraint—such as the enforcement of copyright—on one's fellow-men.

The works of Shakespeare, Milton, Bunyan and Dickens are readily procurable at moderate prices without copyright, and no one regrets that the descendants of David cannot claim a royalty on each copy that is sold of the Psalms. Then why should books written to-day not be treated in the same way?

Tolstoy believed in his principle and acted upon it; but he loved truth, and would have approved of our learning from the results of his sincere and unselfish experiment.

The lesson we may learn from it is, that the legal enactment of copyright confers benefits not on authors and publishers alone, but also on readers; and the chief of these benefits is the definiteness it gives to what would otherwise be a perplexing, speculative and quarrelsome affair. Its effect is not to increase strife, but to lessen it.

An analogy between the publication of literary works of long established reputation and the publication of new books the demand for which is still a matter of speculation, is misleading. There is, for instance, a steady and a known demand for Dickens, which enables a publisher to produce editions of his works with a certainty that he will sell a good many copies and that the demand will not suddenly dry up. Moreover, certain firms have established a good-will in the works of certain great writers, and their experience guides them as to the size of the editions they can produce without undue risk. With a new work the case is different; and without copyright many admirable works would remain unpublished to the detriment of their would-be readers, as well as of the writers.

To take a case in point, Tolstoy's "The Kingdom of God is Within You," written in 1893, was announced for publication by Heinemann, but Walter Scott Ltd. unexpectedly brought out a rival edition at the same time. Such incidents throw a publisher's calculations into confusion and disincline him, and others, from handling books involving such unpleasant risks. So when, a few years later, Tolstoy wrote his popular novel, "Resurrection," not a single well-established English publisher could be found to make any offer for it. It did not, it is true, remain unpublished, but its production had eventually to be privately financed. Then several hundred thousand copies of a cheap edition sold rapidly, and in this country it had much the largest sale of any of Tolstoy's works.

I have summed up the lesson which, as I understand it, is taught by Tolstoy's experiment, but I can here give only the briefest outline of the curious course of events that lead me to that conclusion.

In Russia the effects of Tolstoy's renunciation were, at first, not very disastrous; for the Countess realised that some one had to take matters in hand and that she was in the best position to do so, both because her prestige as Tolstoy's wife gave her an advantage over competitors, and because she could get earliest access to his manuscripts and so forestall anyone else who wished to publish them. Some trouble was caused by people who published catchpenny editions of the "Kreutzer Sonata" and certain other works, but the Countess succeeded in producing a uniform and reliable edition of all that Tolstoy wished to have published and that the censor would pass.

In other countries matters did not go so smoothly. There need, for instance, have been no problem at all in England. Russia had no literary convention with us, and Tolstoy had therefore no copyright in this country. He expressed an emphatic and repeated preference for the versions of his works made by my wife and myself, and to secure the production of a reliable and standard edition it would only have been necessary to let matters take their normal course.

But the proverb says, "Save us from our friends!" Among Tolstoy's followers was V. Tchertkoff, who settled in England, set up a printing and publishing establishment specially for the production of Tolstoy's later didactic writings, and produced them in small paper-covered booklets, at prices ranging from one penny to one shilling each. Tchertkoff was not a good man of business and his venture was not very successful; but he succeeded in interesting Tolstoy in his undertaking. He announced that, sharing Tolstoy's views, he felt a moral repugnance to availing himself of copyright. As there existed here no copyright in the Russian originals, as Tchertkoff did not himself make the translations, and as he did not even secure the copyrights of works he produced, he was in fact announcing that he would give away something he did not possess! But so great was the confusion existing in relation to the publication of Tolstoy's works (at which no less than forty-nine English and American publishers have tried their hands) that nobody noticed this anomaly; especially as no one cared to avail

himself of the invitation to produce rival editions of versions, often of inferior quality, of didactic works Tchertkoff had already issued at a low price.

Tolstoy, however, absorbed in his own work in Russia, approved of Tchertkoff's plan, and signed a declaration which was duly printed on all Tchertkoff's booklets, saying, "I warmly sympathise with the announcement on your translations that no rights are reserved. Being well aware of all the extra sacrifices and practical difficulties that this involves for a publishing concern at the present day, I particularly desire to express my heartfelt gratitude to those . . . who in generous compliance with my objection to copyright of any kind, thus help to render your English version of my writings absolutely free to all who may wish to make use of it." Tolstoy out of gratitude also promised to send to Tchertkoff in advance any fresh work he might write. By so doing he enabled him to forestall anyone else, and effectually discouraged any English publisher from undertaking a complete edition of his works.

After a few years Tchertkoff returned to Russia. His English publishing venture came to an end, but the evil that it did lives after it; and, though the Oxford University Press is now issuing my wife's and my versions of Tolstoy's works in the World's Classics pocket edition, no satisfactory or even approximately complete set of his works has as yet appeared in a library edition; though negotiations are now afoot with American and English publishers for a Centenary Edition, which should at long last supply the need concerning which Bernard Shaw and a hundred other eminent novelists, dramatists, actors, critics, essayists and Anglo-Russians recently issued an appeal.

After Tchertkoff's return to Russia, fierce strife flared up between him and the Countess as to which of them was to have first publication in Russian of Tolstoy's new works. On the occasion of one of my last visits to Yasnaya Polyana, Tolstoy told me that before he renounced copyright the publication of each of his new works afforded him pleasure, but that since his renunciation publication had always been a torture to him, because of the friction it occasioned and the number of requests he had to refuse.

This result was natural, for his announcement had produced uncertainty as to who was in control; which naturally created confusion, raised hopes that could not be satisfied, and formed a fruitful soil for the growth of just such strife and ill-will as he had hoped to eliminate by his condemnation of copyright.

New Books.

THIS FREEDOM.*

In the immense success of "If Winter Comes," Mr. Hutchinson gave a hostage to fortune that no author could easily redeem. He set a high standard for himself, and his hundreds of thousands of readers are asking whether he can live up to it. He is very much in the position of a conjuror who has thrilled an audience by producing a pigeon from his hat; he may do the same trick again as deftly as at first, but they won't be thrilled a second time, unless he produces an eagle.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé **Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson.**

And Mr. Hutchinson has done that with "This Freedom." He has taken a larger theme, one that in these days makes an almost universal appeal, and has developed it with all the narrative skill, the insight and sympathetic understanding of what is great and what is little in human nature that give reality and a compelling interest to "If Winter Comes." There are not many Mark Sabres, but Rosalie Aubyn, the central figure of "This Freedom," is Everywoman. She is essentially the modern Everywoman, who, in revolt against the traditional limitations imposed upon her sex, is competing with man on his own ground, bent on widening her horizon, living a larger, freer life, or, at least, dreams of doing so. It is safe to say that any woman reading these pages will at one stage or another see herself in Rosalie, share her thoughts and feelings, even if she has never gone the length of putting her ideals into practice.

At the outset, you find Rosalie at home in her father's rectory, too much younger than her sisters and brothers to share in their games, a rather lonely little creature, happy enough in looking on at what happens around her and interpreting it in her own shrewd, quaint fashion. Her father has been a failure, and is rather embittered by it, but what impresses Rosalie is the mastery with which he rules his household, the deference his women-folk pay to him. She notices that her mother is "always doing something in the house—for somebody else . . . anxiously doing one thing while anxiously thinking of another thing waiting to be done. She had a driven and a hunted look." On the other hand, her father, kind but assertive, "had a driving and a hunting look." When she is a few years older Rosalie learns, by chance and with a pang of pity, that as a girl her mother had been a gifted miniature painter, but had abandoned her ambitions, first to look after her father when he was left a widower, then, when she married, to look after her husband and children. She had readily acquiesced in the old doctrine that woman's place is in the home, her only destiny to shoulder the household cares and leave the lord of creation free to do the great work of the world.

These, and suchlike early recollections, notably the tragic death of her plain, thwarted sister Anna, who had "nothing to look forward to," root themselves in her mind and influence her potently. Her kindly, snobbish Aunt Pyke presently adopts her, takes her to live in London, sends her to a school for young ladies, where her experience of the teachers, one of them in particular, confirms her in her hardening philosophy, and she matures "with the belief, no longer that men were magicians having the world for their washpot and women for their footstool, but unquestionably that they 'had a better time' than women and that they secured this 'better time' by virtue of their independence." Wherefore she more and more resolves that she too will achieve independence and be as fortunate.

Briefly, she will not be a teacher, but, leaving school goes into business, proves her capacity, is increasingly successful, quits her aunt's house to live in lodgings by herself, is absorbingly interested in her work and happy in her freedom. All goes well till love takes her unawares.

* "This Freedom." By A. S. M. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

and so far subdues her that she modifies her programme and marries. Even then all is well, for her husband, a prosperous barrister, wholly sympathises with her outlook; the house is run by good servants; when children come, a careful nurse and capable governess look after them, and she and her husband go out daily, each to his and her own work; she is satisfied and all seems as it should be.

I shall not attempt to show how, under the surface, all was not so, nor to tell how her persistence in so living her own life in her own way brought disaster and death to some she loved, nor how among the utter ruin of her hopes she surrendered and accepted what passes for the natural lot of woman, as her mother had accepted it. These things cannot be adequately summarised; they are unfolded so gradually and with such subtle detail in the story that their inevitability becomes convincing. You are made to see the whole thing through Rosalie's eyes; she holds your sympathy from the first, and when her independence is completely broken at last and she submits to what seems an iron law of necessity, you still feel there is something wrong with a world in which, for such a woman, there was no other way. The conclusion will stir resentment in some, but given the circumstances that led to it and the characters involved, I do not see what other end was possible. Those many and varied characters are drawn intimately and with delightful touches of humour and irony. "This Freedom" fulfils the first thing needful in all novels by being unfailingly interesting, and its great problem is handled poignantly, powerfully and with vision.

ARTHUR RUTLAND.

A PISGAH GLANCE AT EDUCATION.

The historians of education fall good-naturedly into three classes: those who base their work on theories and are fond of "isms"; those who love to deal with persons and revel in Great Educators; those whose interest is in the schools and what actually took place within them. The groups are typified in the persons of Paul Monroe, R. H. Quick and J. W. Adamson. There are, to be sure, the usual irritating individuals that defy classification, and play the exasperating part of the *ornithorhyncus anatinus*, that disagreeable creature that has apparently legitimate claims to rank in three different natural orders. One expects retired educational officials who seek to free their souls by frank speech after a lifetime of repression to be particularly troublesome to classify, but Dr. Beatty* falls quietly and comfortably into the middle group. For not only is he "not austere in shunning biographical details of great educationists," but he dedicates his book to the memory of a great educationist, Matthew Arnold, whom he sets upon a pedestal, and whose influence is manifest throughout the volume. Besides, the personal note is conspicuous: the book in fact is the personal reaction of Dr. Beatty to education.

Brevity is not the usual characteristic of historians of education, so the experienced reviewer approaches a really short history with diffidence and the expectation of being bored by an over-condensed block of facts. He is agreeably disappointed to find that he can gallop through these pages with genuine interest. It is not that the author slurs his work; he is faithful to historical canons; he plays the game with his readers, presenting to them all the points essential to an intelligent understanding of the whole position. But he exercises his discretion in the details selected and in the emphasis laid upon them. The result is that the reader goes away with a very definite view of the subject as a whole, even if he has to go elsewhere to get more facts—if he feels that more facts will help him in any way.

Dr. Beatty realises that there is no clear and direct line of evolution in the history of education: but that there are various series of evolutions. He has no inclination to imitate the facile Letourneau as a general thing, but now and again he hits upon a generalisation that is arresting. Weary professors of education will welcome the challenge implied in the statement that at the best educational period of Athens there were three forces in a state of practical equilibrium that never, at any period between then and the present day, again reached that state. These are the metaphysical, the sociological and the psychological: an alluring dictum. We can fancy the professors girding up their loins for the fray, and inwardly thanking Dr. Beatty for the material for several stimulating lectures.

Next to the personal reaction the most characteristic feature of the book is the vigorous anti-obscurantist attitude. Remarks like the following are common: "A measure so wise and beneficent was, of course, opposed by the clergy and the mob." Whenever he has to refer to ecclesiastical or political darkeners of wisdom he has a grim use of "naturally," or "of course," or "therefore." Very effective is the comment: "The school boards therefore were rewarded for their invidious efficiency by being suppressed." Dr. Beatty is uncompromising in the restrained contempt he shows for those who prevented the wider educational activity of his hero, Matthew Arnold. Most of us are inclined to regard Matthew as the worthy son of an even more worthy father: but our author reverses this judgment when he says: "Probably Thomas Arnold's greatest service to education was to produce his son Matthew." It would be interesting to hear a full dress debate at the Head Masters' Conference on this heterodox view.

A pleasing feature of this history is the rational way in which the matter of origins is dealt with. The author admits, as we all must, that Plato and Aristotle anticipated more of our newer theories than we moderns care to admit. But he might make some allowance for the fact that they were first in the field. There was cream at the top in those old days, and we poor moderns have to do the best we can with the skimmed milk that is our portion. But a phrase occurs once or twice in these pages that indicates the attitude we should adopt towards our educational reformers: this runs "absorbed into the commonplaces of the craft." Admirers of Quintilian must be content to recognise that his doctrines are no longer striking, and enthusiastic Herbartians ought to be pleased that their master's principles "have been absorbed into the life of everyday pedagogy."

Dr. Beatty is wise in ending his book with a critical account of three national systems of education, and he has made a good choice in France, Germany and England. To include America would have spoilt the proportion of the book, and the reader will probably agree that the United States naturally find themselves represented, so far as principles are concerned, in the English scheme. It is a matter of politics rather than of educational principles that distinguishes the systems on the two sides of the Atlantic. Dr. Beatty is not enamoured of the "democratic high road *beaten smooth* from the elementary school to the university." He seems to prefer the educational ladder "which demands some exertion," and so long as no one is denied opportunity, there is certainly nothing wrong with insisting on energy and hard work.

JOHN ADAMS.

* "A Brief History of Education." By H. M. Beatty. 4s. 6d. (Watts.)

MUSIC AND ECHO.*

Reading Mr. Blunden's second book of verse prompts the wish that one could go on reading his happy pastorals for ever, as though no other kind of poetry mattered. His is a remarkable achievement. With two compact volumes he has linked himself to the poets whose work has given our tongue a national distinction—with Chaucer

* "The Shepherd, and Other Poems of Peace and War." By Edmund Blunden. 6s. (Cobden-Sanderson.)—"Poems." By Muriel Stuart. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—"The Spirit of Love." By Hugh l'Anson Fausset. 5s. (Methuen.)

and Spenser, and more conspicuously with those eighteenth-century poets whose work is slowly being redeemed from misunderstanding and the obloquy shed on them when the romantics arose. It is not a fault but a great virtue in him to give us assured reminders of the unconscious makers of a great tradition. His own voice, moreover, sounds clear amid the echoes of an earlier time. From such apparently simple and easy themes as shepherd and reaping he creates, or evokes, a powerful and intimate vision of precious things, intertangled with memories and associations not less precious. And for another gift his readers must be thankful, for the happiness radiating from his "rural felicities." There is neither temperamental nor philosophic gloom, and on the other hand there is not the least hint of thoughtlessness:

"But shepherd goes to warm him in his chair,
And in the blaze his dog growls at his dreams,
And on the hearth the leaping firelight gleams
That makes him think of one with ruddy hair
Who kept the sheep in ancient Bethlehem.
With trusting tears he takes his Bible, reads
Once more of still green banks and glittering meads
Where storms are not, nor ever floods to stem;
Where the kind shepherd never takes them wrong,
And gently leads the yoes that are with young."

Technically his verse is interesting beyond that of most young poets. He has discovered anew the opportunities of monosyllabic verse:

"Then in warm swoon
The sun hushed all but the cool orchard plots,
We crept in the tall grass and slept till noon, . . ."

though he has not yet fully realised the infinite capacities of rhythmic modulation in monosyllabic verse. Of the war poems in this volume I have no room to speak, and can only add that Mr. Blunden's muse is a truthful, youthful spirit, touched with an imaginative energy so pure that it is hard to say what may *not* be expected from this poet.

The poems of Miss Muriel Stuart cannot be quite so easily noticed. Her best note is singularly moving:

FOR FASTING DAYS.

"Are you, my songs, importunate of praise?
Be still, remember for your comforting
That sweeter birds have had less need to sing
Before men piped them from their lonely ways.

"Greener leaves than yours are lost in every spring,
Rubies far redder thrust their eager rays
Into the blindfold dark for many days
Before men chose them for a finger-ring.

"Sing as you dare, not as men choose, receive not
The passing fashion's cries, for dole or due—
Men's summer-sweet unrecognition—grieve not;
Oh, stoop not to them! Better far that you
Should go unsung than sing as you believe not,
Should go uncrowned than to yourselves untrue."

No one can complain that all her verse does not give so clearly the measure of her ability, but even a long admiration of Swinburne will not prevent a regret that Miss Stuart's poems give so many reminders of "Poems and Ballads." It is echo rather than imitation that prompts the regret, but the regret persists because it is her own voice that readers will miss:

"It was not lust delivered me to you;
I gave my wandering mouth for pity's sake,
For your strange, sighing lips I did but break
Many times this bread, and poured this wine anew.
My body's woven sweetness and kindling hair . . ."

and so on; lines that do not greatly please us now, coming from a poet whose native song is so much more human and delightful. Her best poems here are such as "The Seed Shop"—"In this brown husk a dale of hawthorn dreams"—and "Boys Bathing," and certain others in which an elegiac note is sustained with grave sincerity. Even in these last there is a touch at which it is impossible not to cavil—the somewhat too ready use of images drawn (for example) from the Passion and death of Jesus Christ: images never indecently used, yet used too unsparingly and with too easy a sensibility. Miss Stuart has music in abundance, power and variety of expression; and if one hazards that it is power and variety of imaginative experience that is chiefly wanting, it is to be remembered that time assuredly brings this experience to those capable of it, and that her elegies alone are sufficient to prove her capacity.

In "The Spirit of Love" Mr. Hugh l'Anson Fausset is as remote from Miss Stuart as from Mr. Blunden. The mind so eagerly and shyly revealed by his sequence of seventy-five sonnets is a philosophic mind, occupied (as the publisher says) with "embodying in the incidents of a human passion the universal idea of Love," yet more concerned with that grand Universal than with any expressible incidents. In this he is akin to Shelley, the philosophic not the passionate Shelley. Philosophic poetry is rarer now than it has been for many years, and since Mr. Fausset has nothing in common with innovating and vehement realists it is easily possible for his promise to be overlooked. There is distinct promise in many of his individual sonnets, as well as in his attitude, and while one may hope that his subject in another volume will be less abstract, it is not to be concluded that the volume before us deals vaguely with abstractions. A freer impulse, a fine frenzy (if it visit him with brief, blissful agony) will find him prepared with an obedient craft, and this is but to say that another subject than the present is needed for the due use and development of the instrument which is plainly at his command. Like Miss Stuart, his ear is vexed with echoes, not of Swinburne but of Shakespeare, and he too is at his best when echoes are silent:

"I've lain where bracken through the heather strays,
Russet and green, where the bees' talking fills
The humming hives of the abounding hills."

And better, being more characteristic:

"And what in boast of godlike scope do we
But shake courageous fists at antique laws?—
Raise up on earth a finer deity
Than that dim figure of unwitting cause
Which man's uncertain consciousness first made,
When, girt about with dark, he grew afraid."

As noticeable in another kind is:

"I am bewildered at our pure delight.
For Orpheus haunts the dusk, a hungry shade,
And widowed Psyche chides us with her tears,
Dante's grim lips our comradeship upbraid,
And Sidney calls in vain on Stella's ears."

Though "The Spirit of Love" is mainly significant for what it points to in the future, it is not negligible for itself.

JOHN FREEMAN.

LAWN TENNIS AND GOLF.*

Every year seems to give golf and lawn tennis a greater popularity and a wider appeal. More and more people take to them, and more and more people who do not actually play become familiar with names and performances and interested in accounts of matches and tournaments. Golf is of course a game that practically anyone can play at any age, though where Londoners are concerned the question of cost is becoming an urgent one, for a day's golf now

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Miss Cecil Leitch.**

* "Lawn Tennis: the World Game of To-day." By F. R. Burrow. 16s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Golf." By Cecil Leitch. 10s. 6d. net. (Thornton Butterworth.)—"Golf From Two Sides." By Roger and Joyce Wethered. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

means the expenditure of quite a handful of silver. The two golfing books under review will be eagerly read by the playing public, to whom the names of the authors are household words. Roger Wethered is famous for his championship performances, just as he won praise for his sound work for the game at Oxford; and his sister, Miss Joyce Wethered, is of course among the greatest of all women golfers, and has to her credit two championships wrested from the redoubtable, formidable and charming Miss Cecil Leitch, the author of our second golf book. The Wethered book deals chiefly with the game itself, giving advice, descriptions of various shots and how they should be played; it includes an agreeable chapter on golf in America, chapters, for which Miss Joyce Wethered is presumably responsible, on golf from the ladies' side of the game, and does *not* include an index. The technical chapters, which give directions how to use the various clubs, descriptions of shots, advice on the points of the game, and the like, are of the greatest imaginable value, and have the immense merit of not being over pontifical. The instructor tells you what is the proved best, but also points out that every player has his own instinctive individuality, and if he can do better in some fashion invented by himself, or natural to himself, he must not discard it in favour of some orthodoxy that might well prove a handicap.

Miss Leitch gives us a good deal of advice and instruction also, which from such a wise and experienced authority should be of the utmost value to players, especially to women players. Her remarks on iron-play should be the breviary of all women who go down to the links, for is she not a real marvellous mistress of the straight-faced and every other iron? Although, curiously enough, she will have none of the cleek! The personal side of Miss Leitch's book is far from the least interesting; she gives a record of her own remarkable career from the days when she and her sisters taught themselves golf at Silloth, beginning, it would appear, when Miss Leitch had ripened into her ninth year! In her first championship she made her way into the semi-final, losing to Miss Titterton, who won the championship. Miss Leitch won in 1914, in 1920 and 1921, and every one will remember the sensational match of 1922 in which she lost to Miss Joyce Wethered. She gives an account of most of her important matches, including her famous games with some of the best men players, also her visits to France, Canada and the United States. Miss Leitch shows herself a complete sportsman, full of delight in the game, zealous to win, jealous for the honour of her opponents, steady in success or in defeat, eager for the advancement of golf present and to come. Her neat, crisp, well-filled style is no little help towards making her book what it is—a real possession and a record of a great period in golfing history.

Mr. Burrow calls lawn-tennis "the world-game of to-day"; he is thoroughly justified in doing so. Wimbledon is still the tennis Mecca; a score of nations were worthily represented in this year's championships, and last year the last sixteen players left in the men's singles were five Englishmen, a Japanese, a Frenchman, a Spaniard, a Dutchman, an American, an Indian, an Irishman, two South Africans, an Anglo-Indian, and a Canadian.

Mr. Burrow is of course a great authority on the game, and accordingly his advice as to the technical points of play are strongly to be recommended for study. And everything he enjoins or suggests is explained and made clear by no fewer than eighty-one photographs of the best modern players, exemplifying all the important movements and strokes in the game. In knowledge and authority, and for its splendid illustrations, this is a first-rate book.

F. M. A.

CANADA.*

Enthusiasm rings through these pages, sounds and sounds again. "The difference between England and Canada is the difference between sixty and sixteen. Everybody in Canada is young. . . ." The Canadian schoolboy is said by his masters and professors to be eager and industrious to a degree which would amaze those whose experience is confined to the schools in our tight little island. "Every little log store looks forward to becoming a great emporium. . . . The immigrant who arrived landless seven years ago, now owns a square mile. . . ." Mr. Crane is fully aware of the prejudice against the Colonies afloat in many stubborn British minds. "In the old sense," he explains, "the West is no longer 'wild'—no longer 'woolly.' Even 'roughing it' is a comparative term, limited to pioneering. . . . Why, I have often seen a homesteader's supper-table equipped with silver fish-knives and heard the leisure on a prairie farm beguiled with strains from Bach and Chopin." The writer knows also the attitude of the schoolboy to the new country, for he has taken his own son, a Leysian fourth former, on a trip to Canada and has noticed what struck the lad especially. Hence we have a good hearty chapter on "In Camp and Playground," and no less than a hundred pages devoted to the all-important question of choosing a career. "In Canada," says our author, "manual work is not held to be degrading. The wheat belt would shake with laughter at such a proposition." We hear an encouraging tale of a skilled labourer who had put by in two years five hundred pounds. There is a big chance for the lawyer in Canada, and a constant call for dentists, as no country in the world takes better care of its teeth. "The Boys' Book of Canada" is both spirited and inspiring. But to thrive there a fellow's got to have grit.

* "The Boys' Book of Canada." By Denis Crane. 7s. 6d. Wells Gardner.)

MR. BARING'S IMPRESSIONS OF LIFE.*

It appears to be coming quite usual for men of some experience of life to write their reminiscences in middle age. It is perhaps better so, for they write while their recollections are fresh and their powers undimmed, and when it is not incumbent on them to use the fretful porcupine pen dipped in the ink of gall—which the didactic septuagenarian so often employs when he sits down to write his memoirs *laudator temporis acti*. Mr. Maurice Baring is only forty-eight years of age, but in that space of time he has lived a very full life and seen many interesting people and things of which the record fills 438 closely-printed pages.

This is really an autobiography; it records every incident and impression of the writer's childhood and youth which he rightly regards as of importance in forming his character and personality. The mass of minute detail in the earlier part of the book may militate against its popularity with the ordinary, superficial reader, but it forms an invaluable picture of a child's dawning consciousness of all the joy and interest and beauty of life. Incidentally it furnishes, too, a picture of the social life of London then, so vastly different from that of to-day. As he says, what he describes is

> "the delightful epoch of the eighties, when the shop windows were full of photographs of the professional beauties, and bands played tunes from the new Gilbert and Sullivan in the early morning in the streets, and people rode in Rotten Row in the evening, and Chérie used to rush us across the road to get a glimpse of Mrs. Langtry or the Princess of Wales."

Mr. Baring passes on to his school life at Eton and his student days in Germany. Next comes his life as a diplomat in Paris, Copenhagen, Rome, and as a newspaper correspondent in Manchuria, Russia and the Balkans. Throughout, his records display the same vivid powers of observation and description, and he can paint in a few words exquisite little pictures of scenery and conditions which have emotionally influenced him.

S. M. ELLIS.

* "The Puppet Show of Memory." By Maurice Baring. 21s. net. (Heinemann.)

THE REAL BURNS.*

Robert Burns has had many biographers. Dr. Currie, though a contemporary of Burns and a native of Dumfriesshire, never spoke with the poet, and only saw him once. Currie's biography grossly misrepresents—perhaps unintentionally—the biggest man sprung from the bosom of the common people in Scotland. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe declared after reading Currie's account of the bard: "When authors die, what *lies* people who *might* have seen and known them tell! I never read anything about Burns without thinking he hath been peculiarly unlucky [in his biographer]." Most of the biographers have accepted Currie as the ultimate, and have continued to repeat his errors and misrepresentations. Gilfillan's "Life" is a sheer travesty, and (for a clergyman) pitifully lacking in the charity that thinketh no evil! In Heron's pamphlet of 1797, the poet is painted in black enough colours, poor Heron having harboured a grudge against Burns because of the humorous references to his own failings in the "Epistle to Dr. Blacklock." Henley's sneers stink in the nostrils of every true Burnsite. Lockhart's is perhaps the best all-round record of the poet's life and work, though Lockhart too exhibits serious faults and prejudices. Robert Chambers's four volumes (re-edited by Dr. William Wallace) contain a mass of valuable information put together with painstakingness and sympathy. Professor Blackie's slight sketch is readable and amusing. Scott Douglas's work is admirable, but it is not a biography. Hamilton Paul's brief memoir is simple and natural, if somewhat apologetic from the standpoint of contemporary practices.

There was room, therefore, for a further expiscation of the Burns problem and for a fresh characterisation of the man himself in the face of much new material which passing years have brought to light. Only one person seemed marked out for such a task in Dr. Duncan McNaught, a lifelong and indefatigable student of Burns—beyond doubt the greatest living authority on all matters pertaining to the poet. Dr. McNaught is the historian of Kilmaurs, in Ayrshire, and of that parish he is now the schoolmaster-emeritus. He is editor of the *Burns Chronicle*, an annual in its thirtieth year, and he has had unusual facilities for the compilation of a work of which one is perfectly justified in saying that it is positively the last word on Robert Burns.

This is not a biography on the customary lines, however. It is more a setting to rights of much that has been taken for granted—of much which has been written and spoken in detriment to Burns. Burns was no saint, as he himself confesses. But he was a better man than the majority have been apt to judge him, and a fair, unbiased study of Dr. McNaught's five chapters ought to convince the more reasonable of that majority that Burns has been more sinned against than sinning. Dr. McNaught has honestly tried to realise Burns as he was. He has sought to unravel the secret which governed the mind and spirit of that extraordinarily eager-souled, and passionate, and humane, and repentant, and truly religious being who walked the fields of Ayr and roamed by glorious Nithside a long century since. There is accordingly a good deal that is new in this welcome elucidation of a personality so curiously attractive and elusive. Can anything actually new be said of Burns? Has not every avenue of research been amply explored years ago? Within the last half-century or so certain unassailable facts have been unearthed which completely establish Dr. McNaught's contention that the poet of his country and of the world has been strangely misunderstood and even villainously maligned by some of his biographers as well as by a multitude of the "unco guid"—the hypercritical and the supersensitive of all classes. Take, for example, the Highland Mary episode. Dr. McNaught shows that the Mary Campbell of Burns's incomparable verse was something more than a mere spiritual conception of maidenly modesty and beauty, as has been asserted by some of the critics. Mary Campbell's parentage has been traced, and the place of her birth substantiated beyond all question. Burns would have married her had she lived. She was Burns's ideal at his best and highest hours, and it is not difficult to picture the kind of life he would have lived had Mary become his wife. Another Mary Campbell has been confounded with her Highland namesake—a Mary whose history is not so pure or exalted. Dr. McNaught produces the fullest evidence that this second Mary (alleged by others to be the only Mary Campbell associated with Burns) was alive more than a year after Highland Mary was laid in her grave at Greenock, and he states the occasion—a discipline case before the Kirk-Session at Dundonald, in which the partner of her guilt—a local farmer—made a full confession. Burns's relations with Jean Armour have been carefully sifted and set in their proper perspective. Fault was on Jean's side no less than on Burns's. Jean's parents treated the poet in an abominably contemptuous fashion; if they had let Burns alone there would have been no desertion, and none of that misery which filled the lovers' hearts for years. Burns's social habits come fairly well out of this well-balanced *apologia*. He was his own worst friend, but he was not so bad as his biographers make him out, and there is good proof that hard drinking was not the chief cause of his premature death.

Dr. McNaught must be congratulated on having carried out with remarkable success and impartiality the intention of a most excellent essay, "to discount error and establish truth, and in doing so to extenuate nothing nor set down aught in malice." It will be mightily difficult for any future writer to say something new on the subject. On the "miracle called Burns"—Lord Rosebery's expressive and happy phrase—this *is* surely the final word.

W. S. CROCKETT.

* "The Truth About Burns." By D. McNaught, LL.D. 7s. 6d. (MacLehose.)

HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.*

These two volumes see the close of this fine work on the history of American literature, the preceding volumes of which appeared in 1919 and 1918 respectively. Of the twenty-seven writers of the articles in these concluding volumes twenty are new contributors. The preponderating number of the articles is the work of professors in the various universities of the United States as was the case with the other volumes of the series. The delay in the publication of the volumes under consideration has been due, the editors state in the preface, not only to the unsettled conditions of the time, but also to the realisation, as the work advanced, that the number of pioneer tasks still to be undertaken in the study of American literature was larger than could be entirely foreseen. They do not claim that they have accomplished all or nearly all of them, but they express the belief that the work as a whole furnishes a new and important basis for the understanding of American life and culture. It would appear to us that they have more than laid the foundations; they have erected a stately building which will endure, which though it may require additions in this or that direction is yet made of permanent materials.

The period dealt with extends from the middle of the last century to its end, with a slight overlapping into the present one. The number of authors to whom separate chapters are allotted is few. They are Mark Twain, Henry James and Abraham Lincoln. The latter, though not strictly speaking an author, is perforce included on account of the quality of his orations, some of which, such as the great address at the Dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg and the first Inaugural Address,

* "A History of American Literature." Edited by William Peterfield Trent, M.A., LL.D., Professor of English Literature in Columbia University; John Erskine, Ph.D., Professor of English in Columbia University; Stuart P. Sherman, Ph.D., Professor of English in the University of Illinois; Carl Van Doren, Ph.D., Literary Editor of *The Nation*. Vols. III and IV. 30s. net each vol. (Cambridge University Press and Putnams.)

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are famous and as likely to live as any other of the great literary productions of America and other countries.

The other articles, general in character, are devoted to Minor Humorists, Later Poets, The Later Novel, Later Essayists, Travellers and Explorers, Later Historians, Later Theology, Later Philosophy, The Drama, Later Magazines, Newspapers since 1860, Political Writings since 1850, Education, Economists, Scholars, Patriotic Songs and Hymns, Oral Literature, Popular Bibles, Book Publishers and Publishing, the English Language in America, Non-English Writings (German, French and Yiddish and Aboriginal.)

The essay on Mark Twain is written by Professor Sherman, who contributed the article on Franklin in the first volume and is also one of the editors of the work. The importance of Mark Twain rests on the fact that he was an innovator, "the notes of this innovation being: First, the disillusioned treatment of history; second, the fearless exploitation of the 'natural man' or, the next thing to it, 'the free-born American'; and the last, a certain strain of naturalistic pessimism." Some of Mark Twain's stories used to be as popular in this country as in that of their birth. Who that have read "Tom Sawyer" and "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" are likely to forget them? In the latter story there is that most delightful picaresque character who informs his companions that he is the late Dauphin of France: "Yes, my friend, it is too true—your eyes is lookin' at this very moment on the pore disappeared Dauphin, Looy the Seventeen, son of Looy the Sixteen and Marry Antonette. . . . Yes, gentlemen, you see before you, in blue jeans and misery, the wanderin', exiled, trampled-on, and sufferin' rightful King of France." Some readers may have wondered why Mark Twain should make one of his characters put forward such a claim, only to be told that there had died in America some years previously a man, the Rev. Eleazor Williams, who asserted that he was in fact the lost Dauphin. Even at the present time the fate of the son of Louis XVI is still an unsolved problem. A book on this subject has been written by M. George Lenôtre, the French historian, and will shortly be published.

Professor Stephenson writes charmingly the article on Lincoln. In fact, in our opinion, it and the one on Henry James stand out as the features of these concluding volumes. The style is more heightened than that of most of the other chapters, but that is probably because their subjects lend themselves more to such treatment. Similar praise may be given to Professor Foerster's article on the "Later Poets," which contains a most attractive account of Miss Emily Dickinson and her poetry—minor though it is declared to be.

Professor Beach sums up Henry James's characteristics and compares his style to that of Walter Pater in the following admirable fashion, which is as illuminating as it is exquisitely expressed: "The stories of James tend to be records of seeing rather than of doing. The characters are more like patients than agents; their business seems to be to register impressions; to receive illumination rather than to make up their minds and set about deeds. But this is a way of conceiving our human business by no means confined to these novels; is it not more or less characteristic of the whole period in which James wrote? One passes by insensible degrees from the world of Renan to that of Pater and Swinburne, and thence to that of Oscar Wilde and of writers yet living, in whom the cult of impressions has been carried to lengths yet more extreme. Among all these names the most significant here seems to be that of Walter Pater, whose style and tone of writing—corresponding to his intellectual quality and bias—more nearly anticipate the style of James than do those of any other writer, English or French. It does not matter that Pater's subject is the art of the past and James's the life of the present. No two writers were ever more concerned with mere 'impressions,' and impressions mean for them discriminations, intimate impressions, subtle and finely sympathetic interpretations. None ever found it necessary, in order to render the special quality of their impressions, to try them in so many different lights, to accompany their statements with so many qualifications and reservations: impulses giving rise to sentences more curiously complex and of longer breath than were ever penned by writers of like pith and moment. They were both of them averse to that raising of the voice, that vehement or emphatic manner characteristic of the Earlier Victorians and supposed to be associated with strong feelings and firm principles. These reasonable and well-bred writers, if they ever had strong feelings or firm principles, could be trusted to dissimulate them under a tone of quiet urbanity. They abhorred abrupt transitions and violent attitudes. They proceed ever in their discourse smoothly, and without marked inflection, softly, as among tea-tables, or like persons with weak hearts who must guard themselves against excitement. [What a delightful sentence that is.] There is a kind of hieratic gentleness and fastidiousness—and yet withal a kind of breathless awe, of restrained enthusiasm—in the manner in which they celebrate the mysteries of their religion of culture, their religion of art.

"This, we say of James, is anything but American, indigenous; this is the *Zietgeist*; this is the spirit of England, in the "Æsthetic Nineties," reacting against the spirit of England in the time of Carlyle. But then we think of the "passionate pilgrimage" of Isabel Archer and the others; we think of James's "Middle Years"; we think, it may be, of ourselves and eastward prostrations of our own. And we realise that what the romancer has conjured up is a world not strange to our experiences. His genius is not the less American for presenting us, before all things, the vision of a bride rushing into the arms of her bridegroom: vision of the mystic marriage (shall we say?) of new-world faith and old-world culture."

In one minor instance editorial supervision seems to have been relaxed, for on p. 311 the writer states that *Scribner's Magazine* must always be distinguished from *Scribner's Monthly*, whereas on p. 73 this injunction has been disregarded.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF RICHARD MIDDLETON.*

It is nearly eleven years ago since Richard Barham Middleton, journalist, poet and man of letters, committed suicide at Brussels. In the years 1912 and 1913 his devoted friend and literary executor, Henry Savage, edited and had published five volumes of Middleton's work—"The Ghost Ship and Other Stories," "Poems and Songs," "The Day Before Yesterday," "Poems and Songs: Second Series," and "Monologues." They attained for their author a fame which he had not gained in his brief life of twenty-nine years.

Now at last we have his biography, from the pen of the same faithful friend—"Richard Middleton: The Man and His Work." Mr. Savage has fulfilled his task in a manner altogether admirable. The biography ranks among the fine achievements of literature, and its sterling merit is its truth and simplicity. The volume is an appreciation in its completest sense; it appreciates not only qualities, but the defects of them.

The fate of Middleton has been compared with justice to that of Chatterton and John Davidson—though Davidson did secure his laurels long before the terrible end came. This biographical study of a man of inherent genius will appeal to all those who love the fine things of literature; it will have a wider appeal to all those who are touched with "the sense of tears in mortal things," although the record is by no means one of joylessness.

I met Middleton and Savage in 1905, when they joined the New Bohemians, and I welcomed them in as secretary. From the night of their first meeting they were drawn to

* "Richard Middleton: the Man and His Work." By Henry Savage. 12s. 6d. (Cecil Palmer.)

one another, as they had many things in common, including the desire to take London with poetry. It is a splendid proof of Savage's belief in the gifts of his friend that Middleton has become a legend in literary Bohemia and that the legend has been successfully enshrined in this fascinating, critical study of a brilliant but evasive character.

Leaving an insurance office to take the great risks of the stony Street, Middleton had the good luck to plunge right into accepted journalism as a free lance. Later Frank Harris and Austin Harrison took a practical interest in this strange figure of a big, bearded, careless poet in his early twenties. Arthur Machen and Edgar Jepson also gave Middleton much useful encouragement and advice in his career as a writer.

Middleton was at his happiest when the New Bohemians assembled at the "Prince's Head." In one of his letters to Savage he wrote:

"I think my heaven would be a judicious combination of a Thursday night at the Prince's Head and a fine afternoon at the Oval (Hayward and Hayes batting), with a library in one corner and a playground full of children in the other. . . . The perfect state of happiness in this world would be to be a professional cricketer attached to the Surrey club, with a gift for writing minor verse. What a life!"

There is no shadow of the grim future here, no forebodings of a time when wilted ambitions and fallen hopes would make this lover of tavern jollity, of children and cricket and verse, despair of a world in which he had done much for fame, but had no longer the high heart that seizes success as its own.

Very different is the tone of a letter from fatal Brussels when he came near the desolate end, written also to his biographer:

"I have met an American fiddler here whom you would love. . . . A queer company of us sat down in an underground kitchen and talked politics and women for hours. This new society will help me to endure my punishment, perhaps."

I do not know, and Savage does not reveal, what Middleton meant by his "punishment." It was probably a passing utterance of a morbidity caused by some hapless love affairs and the drowning of that grief in strong liquors. Not that, as Savage points out, Middleton was ever enslaved by intoxicants. He was the kind of man who got wildly hilarious over half a pint of coffee or on the exhalation of a poem.

It was a thousand pities that Middleton cut himself adrift in Brussels from the men who cared for him in London. I am convinced that if he had not warned Savage off by sending him letters which spelt safety, he would have been rescued from his dolour, but Middleton preferred to "dree his weird" alone, and that stoic choice killed him.

The biographer laments that Middleton is known for his famous short story, "The Ghost Ship," alone. He has remedied that in this finely conceived and finely written volume, a model for all those who desire to present their subjects life-size, but lower than the hypothetical angels.

LOUIS J. MCQUILLAND.

BUTLER BUTTLES.*

In an old and forgotten musical comedy it was necessary for Mr. G. P. Huntley to be disguised as somebody's butler. The proposal delighted him. "I should love to buttle," he exclaimed; "I've always wanted to try buttling." One gathers that Samuel Butler loved to Buttle, and was never so happy as when he was Buttling. Buttling, for him, was what Bunburying was for Algy Moncrieff.

* "The Authoress of the Odyssey: Where and When She Wrote, Who She Was, the Use She Made of the Iliad, and How the Poem Grew under Her Hands." By Samuel Butler. 7s. 6d. net. (Cape.)—"The Odyssey Rendered into English Prose for the Use of Those Who Cannot Read the Original." By Samuel Butler. 7s. 6d. net. (Cape.)

Now one of the defects of Buttling is that we are never quite sure when it is done in jest, and when it is done in earnest. Samuel Butler Buttled very delightfully when he applied the arguments of Darwin to machinery, and exposed the hypocrisy of churches under the similitude of the Musical Banks. He Buttled very cleverly (though far from delightfully) when he invented John Pickard Owen, and made him attack the doctrine of the Resurrection under the pretence of defending it. Observe the difference. Butler's Buttling about the machines was a perfect piece of leg-pulling; his Buttling about the Banks was a perfect piece of face-pulling; and his Buttling about the Resurrection was an elaborate piece of both. In the first case he was trying to exhibit the failure of an argument; in the second the failure of a conclusion; in the third the tragic success of a misconception. When, therefore, towards the end of his life Butler wrote a careful and elaborate volume to prove (1) that the Odyssey was written by the young princess, Nausicaa, and (2) that it was entirely Sicilian in origin and local colour, those who had been Buttled before began to ask warily what kind of Buttling was being tried upon them now. The tragi-comedy of the situation was that Butler was quite serious, and no one would take him seriously. The men of science had ignored his essays on evolution; the classical scholars now ignored his Homeric discovery. He had Buttled too often. Nevertheless he was hurt, and not without reason. "The Authoress of the Odyssey" has been before the public for twenty-five years. It has been neither accepted not refuted. It may be right or it may be wrong: it is certainly too big to be ignored.

It has now been reset, and comes before us in "a new and corrected edition" (in which we have noted three misprints). The admirable Mr. Festing Jones contributes one of his delightful prefaces, explaining how the book came to be written, and incidentally explaining how Butler came to be disliked. Among the elaborate "Notes" made by Butler occurs this one, not included in the "Note-Books," and now first printed in Mr. Festing Jones's Preface:

"Charles Lamb was like Mr. Darwin, 'a master of happy simplicity.' Sometimes, of course, he says very good things, at any rate some very good things have been ascribed to him; but more commonly he is forced, faint, full of false sentiment and prolix. I believe that he and his sister hated one another, as only very near relations can hate. He made capital out of his supposed admirable treatment of her. Aunt Sarah likes him, so do most old maids who were told what they ought to like about fifty-five years ago, but I never find men whom I think well of admire him. As for Ainger's 'Life,' well, my sisters like it."

Now Butler knew so little of Lamb that he had never read the "Letters," and was not even aware at the time that Lamb had written "The Adventures of Ulysses"; nevertheless he penned this deliberately spiteful and utterly malicious Note with immense satisfaction. Can't you hear him chuckling at his own devilish cleverness? Yet there is not a single statement in it that is not glaringly false. There is not even room for a difference of opinion. There is no more need to prove Butler wrong about Lamb, than to prove a man wrong who says that the sun is a pentagonal body that gives a red light at night. Originality is a great quality; but there is a point at which idiosyncrasy becomes entitled to a shorter name.

The trouble with Butler was that he wanted to have things both ways. He wanted to be "the *enfant terrible* of science and literature," and he wanted to be liked as well. He wanted to fly in the face of the experts and be admired for his flights. All through "The Authoress" there is an implicit and sometimes an explicit suggestion that the classical scholars are all fools. "I made this discovery" (he says in effect) "as soon as I began to read 'The Odyssey' independently; you have been reading 'The Odyssey' all these years and haven't discovered it yet." Well, the classical scholars' reply was to let him alone. I think they were wrong; but I think that he asked for it.

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I am not a classical scholar and can offer no more than the ordinary reader's view. It seems to me that Butler's topographical case is much stronger than his authorship case. I don't see how the misadventures of Ulysses can possibly be located in the neighbourhood of the actual Ithaca in the Ionian Islands. There is at least strong negative evidence in favour of Butler's case. His theory, here carefully set forth after personal exploration, is that the poem originated in what is now Trapani (N.W. Sicily); that the local colour was all taken by the untravelled author from scenes near Trapani; that Marettimo did duty for Ithaca (in the distance—the actual descriptions being taken from Trapani); that Ustica is the island of Æolus, Cefalù the abode of the Læstrygonians, Favognana the island where Ulysses hunted the goats, the caves on Mt. Eryx the cave of Polyphemus, Salina the island of the Sirens, and Pantelleria the island of Calypso. We all know where Scylla and Charybdis are. The wanderings of Ulysses amount, then, to nothing more than a circumnavigation of Sicily from Trapani back to Trapani again. The case seems quite strong, and could not be answered by any but a well-travelled scholar. The argument for female authorship is fascinating but less convincing. I must warn readers not to be led away by the innocent *naïveté* of Butler's translation. Butler at his most innocent bears a strong resemblance to Greeks bringing gifts.

I hope nothing here said will put anyone off reading both volumes. They are fascinating. Butler was really a wonderful writer. Here is an elaborate and technical volume of classical scholarship, that, by all the rules, should be as dull as an American thesis. It is actually so delightful that you won't want to put it down if you once begin it. I doubt if a finer piece of large-scale constructive criticism has been written in our time. Like all great criticism it answers this test: it drives you back with fresh and eager delight to the original poems. So have no fear. Though your Greek be less than Shakespeare's you will enjoy Butler as he Buttles among the classics.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

EVERYBODY'S DOG BOOK.*

This is beyond question one of the very best books about dogs that have ever been written. Major Dawson knows dogs, loves dogs and respects dogs as dogs, as well as in their relations to human beings. A dog is a friend as well as a possession, and one is sure that Major Dawson feels as strongly as his reviewer that the longer one lives and the more one sees, the stronger grows the conviction that there are large numbers of persons of both sexes who should be absolutely forbidden to own dogs. Major Dawson offers excellent advice as to choosing a dog, all the more excellent because it is directed not to explaining the "points" that are to be looked for in each breed, but to reminding the prospective owner that he is really selecting a friend who is to be a familiar inmate of his family for anything up to twelve or fifteen years. Breed, points, physical characteristics are all of importance, but what Major Dawson insists on is the relations that are to be established, the duties and delights of the position of owner, the best methods to obtain the best return from a friend who is all eagerness to please, to help, to conform to the wishes of his human friend.

There are of course chapters dealing with the proper feeding of dogs, their care in health and in illness, how to set about starting a kennel of your own if you wish to become a breeder, or even if you want to have a line of descendants from some valued dog pal. One excellent, sensible chapter deals with the showing of dogs. Chapters on the war work and police training of dogs are full of fascination, and Major Dawson puts forward a very cogent plea in favour of allowing dogs to take their share in actual work, because work gives them interest and keeps them happy.

Besides the chapters on dogs and their relations with their owners, the book contains a good deal of technical information as to points, etc., of various breeds, in highly compressed form. And there are a number of anecdotes and three superb dog stories, all from the Alaskan and Yukon trails, one of them fit to take its place with Jack London's "Call of the Wild." This is the tale of a team leader, ill, dying in agony, who still refused to give up, but insisted on leading his team and disciplining it until the journey's end, and then, once out of harness, he could only die! A most moving story. Once more let us repeat that Major Dawson has given us one of the best books of the kind in existence, full of wisdom and delight.

F. M. A.

* "Everybody's Dog Book." By Major A. J. Dawson. 10s. 6d. (Collins.)

CONTEMPORARY NOVELISTS.*

One of the worst faults of English criticism is a refusal to recognise the existence of uneven country. You do not, in art or in nature, get rid of an obstacle by steadily walling round it, looking through it, or otherwise endeavouring to ignore it: and the most foolish exercise in the world is to pretend that all is flat and fertile when the ground is full of large rocks and excessively uneven. Mr. Brimley Johnson suffers from this fault. It would be difficult for a Frenchman to read this book and not come to the conclusion that Mr. W. L. George, Mr. Frank Swinnerton, Mr. J. Buchan and Mr. J. D. Beresford were not all equally important novelists; and that there was no difference worth mentioning between the imaginative power of Mr. Gilbert Cannan and Mr. D. H. Lawrence—conclusions as absurd as would be an endeavour to draw a parallel between Dumas, Dostoevsky and Anatole France. It is true that Mr. Brimley Johnson does not claim that his disconnected essays have any particular coherency or unity, except vaguely one of time; but he cannot be acquitted of confusing the issue by first writing of his selected authors as men who "present the prevailing thoughts and chief literary vigour of our generation," and then discussing with equal seriousness Mr. Swinnerton, Mr. Neil Lyons and Mr. George.

Unfortunately his fault in general attitude is scarcely atoned for by any precise and valuable criticism in detail. Mr. Johnson is too much given in this book to mere rhetorical praise. It is no help to the student, anxious to know what is happening to the English novel, to read of Mr. Swinnerton:

> "He has not the godlike immensity of George Meredith; neither the wealth of phrase nor the Olympian laughter of that giant genius, long and deeply matured to all the profundities of human nature. He has not the sixth nature-sense of Thomas Hardy, reading the riddle of Mother Earth. He has not the fine-spun subtlety of Henry James, that great citizen of the world. But he has spoken for eternal youth, and is the greatest artist among his immediate contemporaries."

What we want is a more careful examination of what separates Mr. Swinnerton from Mr. Beresford, and some idea as to why Mr. Johnson thinks him a greater artist than James Joyce, or Norman Douglas, or James Stephens or St. John Ervine—none of whom he includes, or even mentions, in his survey.

Again, it is puzzling to find so much space given to Mr. Buchan—whose first book was published in 1894—and no space at all to Mr. Charles Marriott, whose influence can be seen in all the men Mr. Johnson praises most highly, and whose first novel was published in 1900. Five at least of Mr. Johnson's authors have less claim to inclusion than has Mr. de la Mare, whose eminence as a poet should not hide from a critic the singular and individual beauty of such astonishing novels as "The Return" and "The Memoirs of a Midget." I believe the truth is Mr. Johnson is really uneasy when he has to deal with fiction that is youthful in spirit as well as in time. He is at home and sound on such good romantic story-tellers as Mr. Snaith and Mr. Buchan; he is not at a loss before the old-fashioned realism of such work as Mr. George's, and he is respectful towards the newer realism of Mr. Forster, Mr. Beresford and Mr. Swinnerton. But when he has to write of Mr. D. H. Lawrence—the only real modernist he includes

* "Contemporary Novelists (Men)." By R. Brimley Johnson. 6s. (Parsons.)

—he is disturbed and distressed. It is not that his distress is merely what any critic might feel at the more difficult aspects of Mr. Lawrence's work—it is that he is aware in it of a spirit, seen in different forms in a few stories of Mr. Beresford's and one book of Mr. Forster's, which is really the spirit of youth, or of this generation. That spirit is the spirit of unreason—whether it derive from Bergson or Coué, whether it evokes Pan or turns table, it will have nothing to do with an ordered, securely governed world. If the heart has its own reasons, the imagination has its own laws and fancy its own facts. It is the something odd, the something unexpected and unaccounted for . . . None of the moderns, except Miss Katherine Mansfield and Mr. de la Mare, does anything perfect with it; some have made tremendous efforts. It has led Mr. Lawrence to a wild, sensational rhetoric which seems at times almost insane; and it has led Mr. Marriott into a calm and ruthless reticence which perhaps is not quite sane either. It is the most characteristic thing in modern fiction, making men look for new forms and strange methods. When Mr. Johnson suspects the presence of this spirit, he either ignores the author who exhibits it or else makes so grotesque a blunder as in labelling Mr. D. H. Lawrence's work as distinguished by an aggressive realism which "drags through deeper and blacker mud than the most morbidly decadent of 'problem' protests that Victorianism ever evoked."

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

HANDBOOKS TO PARNASSUS.*

A fortunate chance brings these two books at the same time to the same reviewer. It is appropriate that they should be noticed together, for not only have they a common theme, but that theme is regarded from a similar standpoint, and with identical sympathies. Although the books are published at the like moment, it is very obvious that Mrs. Williams-Ellis has read, marked and inwardly digested Mr. Graves' critical study. She makes no secret of the matter, but says frankly that she is in fundamental, and almost detailed, agreement with "On English Poetry." Indeed the obligation is implicit, as well as explicit, through much of her book.

Mr. Robert Graves.

Mr. Graves' volume "On English Poetry" must be regarded as a collection of notes and of unrelated chapters, rather than as a sustained essay. Within its borders, and subject to evident limitations, it is of deep interest to a sympathetic reader. The immitigable humour of the writer carries him lightly over places where it would be easy enough to be dull. Mr. Graves has, in common with Mrs. Williams-Ellis—and for that matter with many another modern writer—an abiding love of abstract proposition and of airy theory. My own passion is more restrained. "It is, alas, so fatally easy to construct a self-supporting æsthetic theory which turns out to bear no relation whatever to the facts." This rainbow road is not to be preferred to the concrete and macadamized highway built over morass and shifting sand by the devoted labourers of the past. Mr. Graves enunciates views concerning Wordsworth's "Daffodils" which are dubious; he applies theories derived from Frazer's "Golden Bough" to rhythm and stress and rhyme, which, if possibly accurate, are certainly far-fetched; but he disarms criticism by an infectious good humour which admits that his highly controversial reflections are only offered as being based on the rules which regulate his own work at the moment, for many of which he claims no universal application, and has promised no lasting regard.

It is important to notice that the sub-title to "On English Poetry" describes that work as "an irregular approach to the Psychology of this art from evidence mainly subjective." It is a good thing when a poet of the distinction of Mr. Robert Graves takes us into his confidence, and discourses intimately concerning his art. The most delightful chapters of a stimulating book are those which give away the secrets of a poet's workshop. I find them also the most valuable. Mr. Graves winds into his subject by way of Keats' "La Belle Dame sans Merci." In a brilliant passage he traces the genesis and development of that ballad, the reading, the obscure mental processes, the sickness of body and mind, in a word, the psychology, that went to its making. Then throwing aside speculation, he takes his own verses, "The General Elliott," and patiently unravels the tangled skein of conflicting emotions reconciled in that poem. It is enormously interesting, even though it turn out to be an example "of false rationalization long after the event." Of more immediate profit to the student, and particularly to any young writer who cherishes the delusion that inspiration is the only thing essential to his verses, is the chapter entitled Surface Faults, an Illustration. Mr. Graves selects four lines of his "Cynics and Romantics," and prints the repeated verbal alterations incident to the conscious process of getting a poem in order. It is a counsel of perfection to the artist, and incidentally explains the delight Mr. Graves' poetry justly affords to any fitting audience.

I have said already that Mrs. Williams-Ellis's "An Anatomy of Poetry" may be considered as an exposition of some prominent theses in "On English Poetry." This obligation, however, can easily be overstressed. The authoress is a trained and highly competent critic, and from the point of view of the general reader hers is likely to prove the more helpful and informing handbook. The one is addressed to the elect, but the other to all sorts and conditions of men—and children. Mrs. Williams-Ellis has divided her primer into sections, entitled For All, For Philosophers, For Missionaries, For Critics, and For Readers. It is probable that the last section will be the most generally popular, for its hundred pages include short studies of many of the most distinguished poets of the day. These chapters are written with evident leaning towards the advance guard of modern verse. Mr. Noyes, for instance, is mentioned with something approaching scorn; Mr. Squire sorrowfully rebuked for an excessive deference to tradition; whilst Miss Edith and Messrs. Osbert and Sacheverell Sitwell obviously awaken the ardent interest of their expositor. Such criticism may be disputable, but at least it is informed; and the same observation may be applied to the most challenging section of the volume, that For Missionaries. It is needless to say that the missionaries referred to are not those who go in peril of the heathen. They go rather in peril of their own countrymen, by reason of an excessive zeal for the propagation of verse. The teaching of such hot gospellers is dangerous indeed. Young girls are to be induced to read "The Everlasting Mercy," heedless of the extended vocabulary which may be consequent on its perusal. Even worse, instructions are given on the composition of poetry, the writer evidently forgetting Mr. Graves' dictum that "Poetry is essentially spontaneous in origin, and very little of it can therefore be taught on a blackboard." Poor poets, indeed, should not be encouraged, for in a sad world there is always a sufficiency of bad verse. The only use of those who love poetry and write verse, is that they form the mulch in which one day will flourish the perfect rose.

It only remains to add that the publisher of "An Anatomy of Poetry" has provided an excellent and

* "On English Poetry." By Robert Graves. 8s. 6d. (Heinemann.) "An Anatomy of Poetry." By A. Williams-Ellis. 7s. 6d. (Blackwell.)

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useful index. The proof sheets of the book, however, have been read very indifferently, and in a second edition many irritating misprints should be amended.

EUGENE MASON.

TRAVELLERS' JOY.*

A critic who set himself the other day the task of saying as many nice things as possible about Georgian literature took particular comfort from the fact (which he held it to be) that our travel books are so much better now than were their forerunners of the Victorian epoch. It would be nice to think that he was right. But—are they? A few, perhaps. They seem to follow so closely on each other's heels that a percentage are bound to be downright bad. Some are middling good. The fact of the matter is that as with every other sort of book there are travel books *and* travel books.

Here is a South Sea book, and honestly one would have thought that Mr. St.-Johnston was exactly the man for this job. For years his lines have been cast in these pleasant places. He has been the Lord Tom Noddy, the Great Panjandrum, of whole archipelagos. No prentice writer, he has three or four other South Sea books already to his credit. But the painful suspicion is forced upon one that these "reminiscences" are merely scattered crumbs. It shows a careful mind to garner them with a scoop, but they are a poor substitute for a square meal. And the real yeast is over and done with, all tucked away presumably between those earlier covers. I don't happen to know those earlier books of Mr. St.-Johnston's, and reserve my judgment of their author in consequence, but I enjoyed reading about his comic prison, and have relished every description of a "natural aquarium" that has come my way since Ballantyne's "Coral Island."

So I come to another book that sounds as if it ought to be fascinating—Mr. R. D. Paine's "Lost Ships and Lonely Seas." In a way it is so. So far as research work goes, Mr. Paine has not shirked his task, and has delved industriously in chronicles of bygone voyagers, mostly of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. He retells for us the story of the *Bounty* mutineers and many another historic epic, while breaking fresh ground in half a score of authentic narratives, romantic or gruesome, not even sparing us the flesh-creeping details of more than one horrid tale of cannibalism. His pen has not quite the transfiguring touch. But his facts are here in plenty, data enough for a score of future Conrads and Stacpooles to build upon should ever the springs of their own experience run dry.

That leaves me with the most modest and unassuming volume of my pile, Prince William of Sweden's "Between Two Continents," the record of a journey along the Central American coasts, with certain divagations into the interior on the score of archæological research, undertaken two years ago by the Prince and a handful of associates. In parts this journal is so naïve as to disarm criticism, in parts well written and interesting enough to command more than praise.

But this is still a long way from being a perfect travel book. That (would that there were more of them) has no need of illustrations. Guide-books are not what we want, nor any really useful information. We ask for pictures, pictures drawn with such art as to convince us that whoever strung these words together on the page actually saw what is described, and saw it so vividly that every sharp detail of the scene will spring into its place when memory whistles up the moment, it may be long years afterwards. We (I am spokesman now for the great untravelled) cherish a sneaking regard for the "purple patch." Not the splotch of aniline, *ersatz*, iridescent pigment which the special correspondent distils at midnight with the aid of black coffee and Roget's "Thesaurus," but a generous gobbet of the right Tyrrhenian, words brimful of colour as you like in themselves but which mean exactly what they say. For there are things in nature which move the onlooker to rhapsody, rightly considered a natural emotional condition. A state of ecstasy. If you have the proper degree of skill you can induce it in other people. Your readers. We like it, honestly. Tell us exactly what you saw and tell it as well as you know how. You need not tell us what you thought, or what other people who were there thought, or might have thought. Show us something that we have never seen and know that we never shall see with these mortal eyes of ours. Leave politics to politicians, caste marks, tribal customs, staple industries, any reference to the fact that "East is East and West is West," land laws, and polyandry (so much more intriguing than polygamy though it be) to museum-grubbers and those who profess to be really interested in them. But for Heaven's sake tell us what these places you have been lucky enough to see are really like. Pictures are what we want. Coloured ones, not plain. We have imaginations, and they will do the rest.

ASHLEY GIBSON.

* "South Sea Reminiscences." By T. R. St.-Johnston. 16s. (Fisher Unwin.)—"Lost Ships and Lonely Seas." By R. D. Paine. 15s. (Allen & Unwin.)—"Between Two Continents." By Prince William of Sweden. 15s. (Nash & Grayson.)

FACT AND FANTASY.*

"Red Dusk and the Morrow: Adventures and Investigations in Soviet Russia" is the record of first-hand observation in the most mysterious country in the world by a man of affairs who might well be a poet. "The Puppet Show" is the prose work of a poet turned fabulist.

If literature is life translated into language, Sir Paul Dukes's book is literature. He has at his command a wealth of interesting facts and an imaginative pen skilful enough to bring the melodrama of the revolution to every reader. If this were the year 1902 instead of 1922, "Red Dusk" could be read by any boyish Henty enthusiast for its thrill of adventure alone. No fiction writer could invent scenes of terror, despair and hope, fugitive hide-and-seek with a tyrannous government, perilous and courageous escapes more startling than the events chronicled here by a former chief of the British Secret Intelligence Service in Soviet Russia. "In Soviet Russia." There is the pity of it. Besides an enthralling narrative, Sir Paul Dukes gives food for thought to every thinking person. He shared the common hopes we nursed for Russia when the Revolution at last broke like a storm cloud; and he tells in an admirably direct style, constantly illuminated by flashes of imagination, how he lived perilously through his disillusionment. When the first revolutionary regiments broke into arsenals and prisons and the Tsarist police had been scattered in the Nevsky Prospect on the evening of March 11th, 1917, he was one of the crowd from which "there rose a mighty murmur, whispered in awe on a million lips: 'Revolution!'" His story damns the Soviet Government of Russia as surely as Mrs. Philip Snowden's evidence damned it as the seat of a conscienceless tyranny, but the author concludes his record with the sane warning that we cannot hope to abolish the Communist Government of Russia without reducing the country to still worse chaos. He reminds us that many valuable workers in scientific and industrial spheres, utterly opposed in principle to the government, have been absorbed by force of circumstances into the administration, and that the salvation of Russia can only be accomplished by piecemeal changes. There is in this story of Russia so striking a resemblance to the French Revolution that one turns to the English poets among the crowd of world-spectators and asks: "Who to-day will be influenced by the Russian Revolution as Wordsworth,

* "Red Dusk and the Morrow." By Sir Paul Dukes, K.B.E. 15s. (Williams & Norgate.)—"The Puppet Show." By Martin Armstrong. 6s. 6d. (Golden Cockerel Press.)

Southey and Shelley were influenced by the French Revolution?" We remember the meteoric indignation of Shelley, the distrustful conservatism of Southey, the gradual reaction of Wordsworth; but who except Robert Nichols among living English poets promises a memorable comment upon the tragic politics of Europe?

One does not escape such questioning when one opens Martin Armstrong's entertaining "Puppet Show." There is a surprising detachment, amounting at times almost to flippancy, in these satiric tales. The writing is of the quality to be expected from Martin Armstrong the poet. Is it that the world's tragedy to-day is too vast and poignant for imaginative comprehension yet, so that our poets are driven to find refuge in literary juggling? I do not mean to say that there is no humanity in this *tour de force* of fable-telling. "The Schoolmaster," "The Quarrel," "The Labyrinth," "The Emigrants" suggest amazingly that this book is the recreation not simply of a lyric poet but of a writer of the finest fiction. But the fantastic inconsequence of "The Uncomfortable Experience of Mr. Perkins and Mr. Johnson," or of "The Worcester Bowl," seems to strike the true key-note of the volume, and the impression is enhanced by the allegorical story, "The Author and the Critics." Seven old gentlemen constitute a literary society of Aleppo. They discuss at great length a story read out by the President, and when all their conflicting versions of the meaning have been delivered, "the talented author" is requested to indicate the correct one.

"'They are all correct,' replied the talented author.

"This unexpected reply somewhat nonplussed the assembly, but happily the President rose to the occasion. 'Perhaps,' he said, 'I should rather have asked you which of the interpretations you yourself had in mind when composing the story.'

"'None of them,' replied the talented author."

So if you are not content with the rich entertainment offered you in "The Puppet Show," Mr. Martin Armstrong will just shrug his shoulders.

R. L. MÉGROZ.

AN AGREEABLE DISAPPOINTMENT.*

Gifts of long ago by her family from Jane Austen's little orchard had almost convinced the lovers of her delicious fruits that there was nothing more worth having. The "Lady Susan" apple, which the producer herself had withheld from market, had been found rather unpleasantly bitter, and the results of two incomplete experiments to which she had given no name, and for whose appearance also she was in no way responsible, certainly did not justify any better hopes. But the idea that the supply of attractive novelties was exhausted has now been falsified, and we have here some fresh gleanings of very early production which are not only pleasant in themselves but, if I may vary the metaphor in leaving it, will help to "bring out" the full taste of what may justly be called the authorised fruit.

In Mr. G. K. Chesterton's clear and discerning preface nothing is better said than this:

> "There is, therefore, in considering even her crudest early experiments, the interest of looking at a mind and not at a mirror. She may not be conscious of being herself; but she is not, like so many more cultivated imitators, conscious of being somebody else."

No one else, indeed, could have composed the richly ironical skits on the romantic novels of the eighteenth century which are the chief of these present discoveries. They are written in the then popular form of letters from girl to girl, a form which Balzac was to turn to good account in later times. These maidens and brides, "rather above" (or below) "the middle size," whose sensibility, "too tremblingly alive to every affliction" of their friends, but more particularly of their own, is their "only fault, if a fault it can be called," who faint on a sofa at every alarm, and who, in the opinion of their lovers, are above the need of such indelicacy as eating and drinking while they have for sustenance "the pleasing pangs of love"—abounded, in scarcely less absurd forms, in the favourite wares of the circulating libraries. These young and noble-hearted men, who scorn to obey their fathers or to attempt the payment of their debts, are their natural partners in elopement and distress. No extract will afford a just idea of the quality of "Love and Freindship," but none perhaps will give a better suggestion than this bit of the description, in a letter from Laura to Marianne, of the manner in which Janetta was persuaded that her youthful affections were bestowed elsewhere than on Graham, to whom she was about to be married:

> "We had no difficulty to convince her that it was impossible she could love Graham; . . . the only thing at which she rather seemed to hesitate was our assertion that she must be attached to some other Person. For some time, she persevered in declaring that she knew no other young man for whom she had the smallest Affection; but upon explaining the impossibility of such a thing she said that she beleived she *did like* Captain M'Kenrie better than anyone she knew besides. This confession satisfied us and . . . we desired to know whether he had ever in any wise declared his affection to her. . . .
>
> "'Did he never gaze on you with admiration—tenderly press your hand—drop an involantary tear—and leave the room abruptly?' 'Never (replied she) that I remember—he has always left the room indeed when his visit has been ended, but has never gone away particularly abruptly or without making a bow.' 'Indeed, my Love (said I), you must be mistaken—for it is absolutely impossible that he should ever have left you but with Confusion, Despair, and Precipitation.'"

While "Northanger Abbey" is the maturer novel of Jane Austen with which the satirical intention of "Love and Freindship" has some affinity, "Sense and Sensibility" offers us, in Marianne Dashwood, a "heroine" who might have been welcomed with effusion by the earlier Marianne of this diverting epistolary story, and her friends, Laura, Sophia and Janetta.

"Lesley Castle," the unfinished burlesque novel, also in the form of letters, which fills the second place in this new book, shows more invention, and also pokes so much fun at the cynicism which is so marked in "Lady Susan," that in future it will be hard to regard that picture of feminine wiles as a serious work in any respect.

Yet other imaginary letters will be found towards the end, one of the liveliest whereof is a mother's account of the *entrée* of her "sweet girls" of seventeen and sixteen into Life, on the occasion of their "drinking tea with Mrs. Cope and her Daughter." A haughty and inquisitive Lady Greville is the twin sister of Lady Catherine de Bourgh; it is difficult not to regard her as the very aunt of Darcy.

"The History of England From The Reign of Henry the 4th to The Death of Charles The 1st, By a Partial, Prejudiced, and Ignorant Historian," might be taken, though not in its literary style, for a satirical attack on that warm admirer of Jane Austen's work—Macaulay, but for the fact that it was written years before he was born. It takes the line that the Yorkists were always right and the Lancastrians always wrong, that Mary Stuart was spotless, and Elizabeth a wicked woman, the author's "principal reason for undertaking" her history "being to prove the innocence of the Queen of Scotland." A fair sample of its style and method is the opening of the paragraph on Henry the Sixth, which runs: "I cannot say much for this Monarch's sense. Nor would I if I could, for he was a Lancastrian."

Coloured medallion "portraits" of the kings and queens, by the author's sister, and a facsimile page from the author's MS., serve as illustrations to a little volume which, while it can only be properly appreciated by readers intimately and affectionately acquainted with the author's inimitable masterpieces, will be highly relished by the majority of those happy people.

W. H. HELM.

* "Love and Freindship and other Early Works, now first printed from the original MS." By Jane Austen. With a preface by G. K. Chesterton. 6s. net (Chatto & Windus.)

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THE AUTHOR OF "JURGEN" AND AN ENGLISH RIVAL.*

It has been said, and oftentimes repeated, that a poet has died young in the breast of the most stolid. The time is come for the statement of a not very obvious corollary: that romance withered in the hearts of present-day novelists at the first chill breath of actuality. Probably a somewhat feeble romance, one adds; for actuality has its kindly airs no less than those which carry the blight. The romanticist's outlook is at least as true, as near to reality, as is the actualist's, despite that the apostles of actualism appear to spend a good deal of energy howling their derision in the ears of a romanticist's success.

The romanticist may therefore be defined for our purpose as a man whose vision is a rainbow flame which refused to be snuffed out at the hint of an icicle. The ruder the east wind became, indeed, the more that flame was fanned, so that a time comes when even those who pride themselves on being at the other extreme of the novelist's zone are compelled to take note of its brilliance. It would be redundant at this stage of Mr. James Branch Cabell's persistence as a romantic writer to enumerate his triumphs. Until quite recently he possessed one of those American reputations which some contrary fairy has prevented from crossing water, but two of his works, "Jurgen" and "Figures of Earth," are now issued in an English edition. About "Jurgen" opinions have differed; and "Figures of Earth" is romance sufficiently uncompromising to make its acceptance here a matter for surprise, that is if Cabell's literary skill were not in itself so superb that the critics will be obliged to accept the book on the strength of that alone. The mellowness, the mischievous twists and economy of phrasing are extraordinary; such pains have been taken to achieve the highest standard possible in this kind of writing that the English novel cannot fail to profit by contact with it. We may even hope that, in a short while, if a page should be read aloud from the work of our most eulogised novelists side by side with another from the *Family Herald*, it will be possible to gather, without external aid, which page comes from the novel and which from the novelette.

"Figures of Earth" is a story of the quest of Manuel the swineherd, beginning with his attempt to rescue the Count of Arnaye's daughter, who had been captured by a wizard living in mythic splendour at the top of a grey mountain where he contrived all manner of illusions and, in particular, designed the dreams of men. "I shall not ever return to you, my pigs," cried Manuel as he set out:

> "I shall not ever return to you because, at worst, to die valorously is better than to sleep out one's youth in the sun. A man has but one life. It is his all. Therefore I now depart from you, my pigs, to win me a fine wife and much wealth and leisure wherein to discharge my geas (bond). And when my geas is lifted I shall not come back to you, my pigs, but I shall travel everywhither, and into the last limits of earth, so that I may see the ends of this world, and may judge them while my life endures. For after that, they say, I judge not, but am judged, and a man whose life has gone out of him, my pigs, is not even good bacon."

"Figures of Earth," like "Jurgen," is in more senses than one not a book for the circulating libraries. For those who read it will wish intensely that they might keep it on their own shelves for a second, a third reading. It is one of the splendid intimations that romance is resuming its place of importance in our literature.

"The Worm Ouroboros," by Mr. E. R. Eddison, is another of these intimations, no less splendid. That Mr. Eddison is an Englishman makes it possible that his book will be overlooked by the patrons of Mr. Cabell in this country; but that will be their loss, not his, for "The Worm Ouroboros" is itself a gesture of superb independence which must have taken years of loving concentration to prepare, years of lingering over before the finishing touches were completed. Critics are of little account in an affair like that, and Mr. Eddison has consequently been unafraid to have horns growing out of his heroic warriors' heads or to take the planet Mercury for his setting. He cannot help being human, all the same. These folk of Witchland and Demonland, these goblins and pixies, are delightfully English; early on there is a "wrastling match," a terrific meeting between a king and a military captain, the great naked frame of the latter showing such excellent proportions that "each part was wedded to each as in the body of a god." The adventures which succeed it are full of excitement and told with a cunning beauty of craftsmanship. Readers must not be repelled by the title of this novel nor by its quality of closely printed pages. "The Worm Ouroboros" may be a first book—the author's name is new to us—but we do not regard it as any mere tentative experiment. It is an achievement, and if Mr. Eddison has his due he will find no less favour among his contemporaries than they are bestowing right and left, if tardily, on Mr. Cabell.

THOMAS MOULT.

* "Figures of Earth." By James Branch Cabell. 8s. 6d. (The Bodley Head.)—"The Worm Ouroboros." By E. R. Eddison. With illustrations by Keith Henderson. 15s. (Jonathan Cape.)

THE PACIFIC PROBLEM.*

From the standpoint of the most industrious supporters of the circulating libraries the publication of this work is not, perhaps, a matter of absorbing interest; but one apprehends that it will be pretty closely studied by politicians and statesmen and diplomats, especially in the United States, Japan, Russia, China, Australasia, the Philippines; in London, Paris and, *natürlich*, in Berlin. It certainly ought to be so studied. The book is really extremely valuable; not alone because the subject is one of vital moment, having the most direct sort of bearing upon the immediate future of civilisation and the world's peace; not alone because its author (the three naval chapters contributed by Admiral Bubnov form a very serviceable addition to his work) has possessed himself of a possibly unique mass of first-hand knowledge of his theme during the past twenty crucial years; but, and perhaps primarily, because it is a lucid, emotionless and excellently professional piece of work, as void of prejudice and as free from special pleading as any such writing well could be. The factors which give crucial importance for civilisation to the twentieth century problem of the Pacific are far too numerous and complex even for mere mention in this place; but readers may be reminded that they include the possibilities of war between Japan and the United States, the material and political future of China (and possibly of Australasia), the rehabilitation of Russia, the immediate destiny of the Philippines and, in the view of some hundreds of thousands of highly intelligent and keen people, the whole future of the Japanese race and nation. It is estimated that during the present century, and possibly during the coming half-century, the Japanese population will double itself. The Japanese Archipelago certainly cannot maintain such an increase. Where are the surplus tens of millions to be accommodated? (In considering the question it is well to have a Mercator's Projection at hand.) The Washington Conference has serviceably defined the outlines of the Pacific problem. Has it accomplished any more than that? The author of this book clearly holds that no amount of conferring would remove the material factors now making for ultimate war, and that unless they are removed by the nations concerned (and chief among them is the matter of Japanese migration) the only possible form of insurance against war is reversion to the old policy of the Balance of Power. The United States must sincerely strive for the regeneration of China and Russia, he holds, if anything approaching a strategical balance is to be restored; it being held (*a*) that the world war left Japan mistress of the Far East; and (*b*) that the United States alone could not defeat Japan.

* "The Problem of the Pacific in the Twentieth Century." By General N. Golovin, in collaboration with Admiral A. D. Bubnov. Translated by Constantine Nabokoff. With a Preface by Harold Williams. With Six Maps. 10s. 6d. (Gyldendal.)

With the chosen methods and the indubitable qualifications of General Golovin in and for his task as author of this book, no reasonable critic can quarrel. Whether or not one shares his conclusions, his work is most emphatically worthy of the closest study and attention.

A. J. DAWSON.

WILLIAM DE MORGAN.*

There is a lot of easy nonsense written about men being too old when they have lived more than a certain number of years. But man is a spirit, and the spirit of man is no more subservient to the order of the calendar than sun and rain are to the forecasts of weather-charts. Often the most promising youths die young; or they begin early and well, but have reached the limit of their powers and fallen into the background among the undistinguished long before they are old. Their brilliance has been such a flash in the pan that they were merely touched by glory and passed by. Nature is very undisciplined; human minds do not all mature at the same rate like soldiers marching in step, and it is not safe to say that any man has done developing until he is visibly and demonstrably dead.

Dickens died at fifty-eight, and if William De Morgan had died at that age nobody would have suspected that he had any literary gift; he would have gone to the grave a mute, inglorious novelist. When he wrote his first book he was nearly ten years older than Dickens had been when he left his last unfinished. In the days when "Alice-for-Short" was adding to the fame De Morgan had won with "Joseph Vance" I happened to be talking with Theodore Watts-Dunton, and our conversation veered to the new novelist. "I knew him years ago. I used to meet him at Rossetti's," said Watts-Dunton, "and when I heard he had published a novel I was surprised, for he had never impressed me as a man who could do anything of that sort. But when I read 'Joseph Vance' I found there was nothing surprising in his latest development—it was the most natural thing in the world; it was all written so exactly as he used to talk that all the while I read I could hear him speaking. I have known him, when there were many present, sit silent all the evening; but on other occasions—in smaller, more familiar company—something would set him going and he would talk as he writes now in his novels, playing with some quaint theory fantastically, spinning an anecdote out, rambling round and round it, dropping the shrewdest observations by the way and keeping you continually amused with his droll, piquant humour. In his books he is simply himself, talking with his pen instead of with his tongue. He is just natural—that is all his art."

He himself told me once, as he told everybody, that he owed everything to Dickens, and no doubt Dickens greatly influenced him. But though a writing master taught him how to form his letters, his signature was distinctively characteristic of himself. The charm of his novels is the charm of his own personality, and to get to know him intimately, as one may in Mrs. Stirling's delightful biography, enables one to read his books with a fuller understanding and enjoyment. Mrs. Stirling has combined with the long and many-sided story of William De Morgan a record of the life and career of his gifted wife, Evelyn De Morgan, and the illustrations include many photographs of her masterly paintings and sculptures, as well as photographs of some of her husband's pottery and a number of his whimsical black-and-white drawings. I shall not attempt to outline these two biographies so deftly woven into one. Both De Morgan and his wife were so attractive, so interesting in themselves that it was only necessary to present their characters adequately and tell all that can be told about them to make an attractive and interesting book, and this Mrs. Stirling has done. I notice that certain art critics are resenting that De Morgan's fame as a writer of fiction should overshadow his other achievements, and they predict that when his novels are forgotten he will be remembered as the greatest ceramic artist England ever produced. This may be so; we shall see, if we live long enough; but however it is, Mrs. Stirling has done due justice to him in each capacity, and this ample, handsomely illustrated volume, piecing out its vivid character-sketches with extracts from letters and a wealth of anecdote, will certainly take its place in biographical literature as a fitting and permanent memorial of a very remarkable man and his no less remarkable wife who were, as Sir Edward Poynter called them, "two of the rarest spirits of the age."

F. H. L.

* "William De Morgan and His Wife." By A. M. W. Stirling. With Introduction by Sir W. Richmond, R.A. Illustrated. 25s. (Thornton Butterworth.)

Novel Notes.

THE AMAZING QUEST OF MR. ERNEST BLISS. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Phillips Oppenheim is an adept in the art of distilling the pulse-stirring magic of adventure out of the most unlikely-looking material, and the scheme of this novel provides a fitting laboratory for his peculiar wizardry. It is the story of a year in the life of Ernest Bliss, a young millionaire wastrel, who is suffering from a surfeit of everything but work, and who is goaded into a strange wager by the taunts of a Harley Street physician. Under the wager Ernest Bliss undertakes to "disappear" into the labour market with only five pounds in his pocket and to keep himself for twelve months solely on his earnings. If he fails he is to pay twenty-five thousand pounds to a hospital; success, on the other hand, means that Bliss will gain a shake of the hand and an apology from the physician. As may be imagined, a man of Bliss's upbringing has anything but a soft time of it. Adventure dogs his steps, and every job he manages to secure is invariably as short-lived as it is thrilling. Even the rôle of light porter to a benevolent old gentleman in a top-floor office is fraught with peril and excitement. For the kindly old gentleman, who dotes on canaries and bullfinches and is writing a book about birds, proves to be a blackmailer of the creepiest and most sinister sort. Whatever post Bliss fills—chauffeur, commercial traveller, greengrocer's assistant—he emerges the richer not only by a thrilling experience, but by a growing sympathy with the hopes and fears of his fellow-workers. The novel is an excellent example of Mr. Phillips Oppenheim's inventive genius in its liveliest and most plausible guise.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS. By William Johnston. 7s. 6d. net. (Jarrolds.)

Where circumstances permit it is safe to prophesy that this thrilling mystery novel will be read at a sitting. It is impossible to put it down till the explanation of the whispers that haunt the aristocratic apartment house in New York is revealed, and Spalding Nelson extricated from the tangle into which poverty and love have flung him. A poor clerk, with hopes of his great-uncle eventually raising him from penury, he undertakes to mind his great-uncle's apartment while uncle and aunt go for a holiday. Both secretly warn him of the whispers and ask him to try to discover the cause in their absence. So he enters into his new quarters with two problems to unravel—for he is already involved in one concerning a beautiful girl and a couple of despicable blackmailers. He finds himself in the thick of adventure, the recipient of strange notes, strangely delivered, the victim of a daring robbery, the confidant of the girl who is trying to save her sister from ruin, and finally a catspaw in a vicious murder plot and in imminent peril of the "chair." It is a rattling good yarn and so ingeniously constructed that the absorbed reader will be kept guessing till the dramatic climax is reached.

XUM

LOVE. By Baroness Léonie Aminoff. (Dent.)

This is the second volume of her "Torchlight" series of novels in which Mme. Aminoff has planned to present a dramatic picture of the period of the French Revolution and the time of Napoleon in France. In the first volume we were chiefly concerned with Terézia Cabarrus, who became Madame Tallien, and all kinds of important persons came within her orbit. In this volume we have Madame Tallien still as a central figure, but we have now Madame Josephine Beauharnais occupying no little space, and her lover Barras, and that strange little Corsican officer, lanky and starving, who worships at her shrine and finally in the last pages becomes her husband. Madame Aminoff gives us a kind of inversion of the Revolutionary history, takes us into the penetralia of the lives of the persons who bulk large in that history, shows us their littlenesses, their scheming, intriguing, meannesses, vices, nastinesses, and the like. It is a deliberate method, recreating the period as though by a kind of gossiping "yellow press" paragraphing, a sort of reaction against the heroic solemnities of the ordinary official history books. There is no doubt as to the liveliness of the rendering, though it is questionable whether this kind of history may not easily go too far in the direction of euhemerising. The book suggests an inevitable parallel between France of the Revolution and Russia of to-day, and read with a little reserve and a little remembering of facts and circumstances that Madame Aminoff leaves out of her scheme, is of great interest and some real value. It is good to be reminded of just what Paris and France actually were from the point of view of the people who had to live through those years.

THE PASSING STORM. By Violet Tweedale. 7s. (John Long.)

We feel obliged to lodge a protest with Mrs. Tweedale about the first chapter of her new novel, "The Passing Storm." In this first chapter she gives away too much, and when we had read it we knew exactly how the plot was going to unfold and who Quentin Gerard would prove to be. It is a pretty love story, but altogether too obvious: even the title of the book tells us how the dramatic quarrel between Gerard and Roseanne (the heroine of the tale) will end. Mrs. Tweedale tells the story in her usual charming and easy style and introduces us to many picturesque characters in this pleasant, romantic but provoking book.

MY DAUGHTER HELEN. By Allan Monkhouse. 6s. (Jonathan Cape.)

The central theme of this exceptionally appealing story is a father's love for his daughter—the mother being dead. It is not an easy subject to express and elaborate sympathetically, but the author succeeds; he succeeds, in fact, on every page, for with great economy and restraint he resists all temptations to the sentimental superfluities which would have been so easy and gives us, through the eyes of the anxious father, a clear picture of what might be real life. The girlhood of Helen brings two suitors, and, with the irresistible spell of nature upon her, the weaker wins her love. He is a poor creature, unfit for business, unable to concentrate upon earning even the little necessary to support her and the family which soon begins to arrive; half a genius, but not sufficiently so to do anything great—the most pathetic type of manhood. He goes wrong, is arrested, and imprisoned; and there, baldly, is the whole plot. It is in the delicate revelation of the three or four chief personalities concerned that the charm of the book consists; it is a short book, yet the reader has a definite sense of parting with known friends when it is finished. The author also has a gift of convincing truth in the expression of ideas. "Between intelligent people," says the father, who tells the story himself, "the straight talk hasn't much virtue. They know all there is to say, and to project the words at one another may roughen up the nerves without touching the reason." That is good, and here and there we can see the philosopher at work not less surely. "My Daughter Helen" is a worthy addition to the "Novels of To-day" series.

UNCLE MOSES. By Sholom Asch. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

The sordid lives of Polish Jews in America dominated by one of their own race who, as master tailor, sweats them and grinds them down to perpetual wretchedness, are shown with relentless realism in "Uncle Moses." The theme of the story is that of a man, hard, unscrupulous, a king in his small, frowzy way, who is overthrown, reduced to abject misery, through his love for a young girl. A strong theme, cleverly worked out, yet one feels there is a certain lack of balance in the construction—an excess of detail in the earlier part, a brevity that creates an almost jerky effect towards the end. Unquestionably, so far as character-drawing goes, "Uncle Moses" is a giant among pigmies. Mr. Sholom Asch has succeeded in making him live, his personality colours the whole book. To be sure it is a disagreeable personality and fouls all it touches, but it is vitally, horribly convincing.

SABINE AND SABINA. By W. E. Norris. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

A suave and leisurely book. Nothing swift or amazing here. Just the quiet, chatty impressions of an old bachelor godfather, who discourses about his godchild, Sabina. He tells the story of her marriage with that somewhat obtuse business man, Charles Hutton. Sabina was happy enough at first, but after the baby died, a great discontent and restlessness came over her. Charles took her out to Spain; hoping to distract her. But there her friendship with the sympathetic artist, Leslie Roxford, grew and flourished. When she returned to England, Roxford haunted her, and they had a great Platonic affair. Oddly enough, Roxford flirted with the sister of Sabina as well. All very puzzling and disconcerting for the godfather. He surprised Sabina and Leslie one day on the Embankment, in earnest discourse; "but they did not jump—I don't believe that the young folks of to-day can be taken aback, no matter when or where one may bounce on them." After a faint romance between Charles and a Spanish lady, we pass on to the close. The way in which Sabina comes back to her husband is admirably natural and likely.

OUT OF TUNE. By Frank Stayton. 7s. 6d. (Chapman & Dodd.)

This amusing comedy by Mr. Frank Stayton has much in common with "Threads," published in 1921. There is the same ironical humour, the conversation too sparkles with wit and epigram, and it would probably dramatise equally well—the climax would make a breathless finish. But it begins heavily. The author has loaded his early chapters with tiresome descriptions of people who scarcely count. With the introduction of Paul Faggett, however, the story springs to life. Paul is a musical genius who travels Surrey on a ramshackle bicycle, tuning pianos in order that he may eat. He is clean, hardworking, cheerful and uncomplaining. Zoe, a rich and pretty widow, with a passionate desire to patronise the arts, marries him and launches him successfully as Paul Faggotti into the musical world. Very soon, though, Paul tires of the absurd lionising of Zoe and her snobbish circle. He plays truant and falls in love with honest Joyce, who understands the man if not his art, and who lives an ideal life alone in her Guildford cottage. Of course the number of solutions to this triangular puzzle is very limited, but the author keeps his secret intact and holds the reader's interest unabated to the last page. Mr. Stayton must be an ideal camping companion; he describes domestic routine accurately and with much zest.

XUM

ESCAPE. By Jeffery E. Jeffery. 7s. 6d. (Leonard Parsons.)

Mr. Jeffery's heroine, Emily, vaguely reminds us of Mr. Sinclair Lewis's Carol of "Main Street." Both are girls who long to break away from the dull levels of middle-class womanhood. But Carol is more subtly, more enthusiastically drawn than Emily who, with all her longings for a finer, gayer life, is always rather stilted; rather dry. Yet her commonplace marriage, her fortunate widowhood, her entry into business, are well described. And the details of the business are quite entertaining. Emily became a sort of Universal Aunt, even contriving by a judicious accident to reconcile a nephew with a rich old uncle. By and by she has her second romance, with a married man called George, only to find that she does not really care for him. We leave her married to the unconventional and charming Barty Scammell, who explains his theory of life to her: "I believe in the will to help, and the determination not to hinder progress." "Escape" has many original touches and many very readable pages.

THE TASTE OF EVE'S APPLE. By Elnith Bevan. 8s. 6d. (Daniel O'Connor.)

Our impression, when we had finished Part I of this book, was "What an unusual and brilliant story!" When we finished Part II we were still under the spell of the author's genius for drawing realistically the unusual in life. But Part III, despite its frequent flashes, reminded us somewhat of a fire that is smouldering compared with the living flames, the sparkle and light of the first parts of the book. The work gives the feeling of being planned and written entirely to suit its author's fancy (and that in itself should stamp a book as original nowadays). Thus it is a book full of surprises, the author himself (or herself) unexpectedly appearing in the Second Part of the book only to drop completely out of Part III, but to appear again for a brief moment in the postscript. Not one of the characters goes all through the story; it gives a queer, detached, irregular tone to the book, and yet each character, however slightly portrayed, is vital and compelling. Elnith Bevan should undoubtedly be a power to reckon with in the near future, and we shall look forward with great interest to the next work from the author of "The Taste of Eve's Apple."

"HIS GRACE." By Alice Clayton Greene. 7s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)

For a young man, a theatrical manager on the brink of ruin, to learn he is monarch of a Southern State of Europe would be a sufficient adventure in itself to last most men a lifetime. But with Carlos Anderson it is only the beginning of adventures. Around this situation Miss Alice Clayton Greene has woven an enjoyable story, fresh and sparkling, full of light and laughter. The irresponsible Carlos makes a delightful hero and, plunged into complications, an inherent impudence carries him through to triumph at last. Something quite new and pleasant in the way of fiction is "His Grace"—a relief from the sombre, fussy, psychological novels that beset us in these days.

DIANA STEPS DOWN. By Susan Redgrave. 6s. net. (Sampson Low.)

"Diana Steps Down" has an unusual plot which is handled in a masterly style. To make the heroine, a lady of wealth and high degree, fall in love with and marry a gipsy sounds like the beginning of a fairy tale; but though Miss Redgrave's story begins like this, it is no fairy tale; it is so well done—so realistic—that it is entirely convincing. The character-drawing throughout is excellent and the plot is developed in a way that is consistent with the natures of the three people in the story. There is plenty of romance, plenty of passion and there are plenty of exciting incidents in the book; and with its fresh, open-air gipsy scenes, in strong contrast to the scenes in Diana's ancestral home, it is the sort of tale that should tempt film producers to snap it up.

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TYRANNY. By Holloway Horn. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

This is a very skilful study of a beautiful Irish girl of strong character. Gwenda's guiding principle is to be true to her faith. She is a Catholic, and though that fact is not unduly stressed until the crisis, one feels it is a force that has hold of Gwenda and will not let her go. But it seems a kindly force in the person of Father Blore, to whom the girl confides even her love troubles. As a stenographer and chauffeuse Gwenda has many lovers, but Dr. Luttrell alone finds her responsive. Dr. Luttrell has married a woman he does not love. After much suffering he gets a divorce and comes to Gwenda a free man. Gwenda bows her head and heart to the ruling of her church on divorce, and sends Luttrell away. Here, we presume, is where Mr. Horn, very calmly and judicially, would show us the tyranny of the Roman Church. He might be more convincing. After a time Gwenda seems fairly content to marry Dr. O'Brien, a thoroughly good sort, who has loved her in vain for years. Dr. Luttrell, the other victim, merely reaps the reward of his own folly. All the characters are very real and there is a balance and sanity throughout the book.

THE GOLDEN BAY. By J. Weare-Giffard. 7s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)

If you are for romance, here you have it and of the best. Mr. Weare-Giffard has laid his scenes along the Devonshire coast, by Bideford, in the good old days when we were at war with the French and the Government had no ships to spare for the adequate protection of our coasts against privateers and pirates who descended upon them at unlooked-for intervals and looted the stores of peaceful tradesmen almost with impunity. There was a particular gang of pirates that used Lundy Island as a base of operations, and to the rooting out of these pests John Tyrrell, son of the Squire of Westacott, devoted himself, not only in the interests of law and order, but because a certain rascally French marquis among the motley crew had killed his brother in a duel and John was bent on avenging him. There was something of mystery surrounding the duel between his brother Dick and the Marquis, but John penetrates this and is able to befriend Dick's secret wife, who had been the innocent cause of it. And through all the story of that enterprise against the pirates runs the chequered story of John's own love for the charming Nancy Ravenscroft. A stirring, exciting, well-written romance, full of colour and character and touched with a pleasant humour.

The Bookman's Table.

THE MUCH CHOSEN RACE. By Sydney A. Moseley. 5s. (Stanley Paul.)

The Jew has had so many harsh things said about him that by now he must be getting used to it. After all he is as human and therefore as open to attack as the rest of us, but his faults are probably no worse than ours, they are only different—and not always that. Mr. Moseley, though he is of the same race, makes out some strong indictments; one suspects he is a little too scornful of Mr. Zangwill, and perhaps in other cases he is hypercritical in dealing with certain Jewish characteristics. Many of the qualities he condemns in the Jew—his jealousy, vanity, lack of clannishness, sycophancy, absurd adherence to obsolete customs—could as justly be condemned in most other races. But he makes his points shrewdly and amusingly, and if he has no mercy for the weaknesses of his people he is as outspoken in his praise of what is fine and admirable in them. It is a ruthlessly candid and revealing study of the Jew and his racial traits, written crisply, pungently, with a humour that is alternately bitter and genial and an evident inside knowledge of the subject. An interesting book and one that will provoke resentment in some quarters, and is likely to arouse considerable discussion.

POEMS FROM PUNCH: 1909–1920. With an Introductory Essay by W. B. Drayton Henderson. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

A first selection of "Poems from *Punch*" was made many years ago by Sir Francis Burnand; a second was made in 1909 by Mr. Arthur Waugh, who called it "Later Poems from *Punch*" and so left Mr. Henderson no choice but to name his "Latest" or revert to the original title, and he has done the latter. In the main the collection is of course humorous, but *Punch* has never been afraid to be serious on occasion. "The Song of the Shirt" appeared in the first selection, and in this volume "In Flanders Fields" is not the only memorable poem that is poignantly reminiscent of the war. On the serious side there are also Sir Owen Seaman's fine memorial verses on Swinburne, Meredith and William Booth. For the rest, the best of our writers of light verse gravitate to *Punch* and some of their best work is included in this very representative miscellany.

THE CALL OF THE WILDFLOWER. By Henry S. Salt. 6s. (Allen & Unwin.)

We had not read far into this delightful volume before we felt, creeping surely and warmly over us, a happy glow of remembrance. Immersed in indoor labours, we had forgotten for the moment that wonderful world of wild flowers not far away. Roused to new enthusiasm by Mr. Salt's devout admirations, we made fresh holiday schemes. It was not till late in life, while wandering in Welsh mountain scenery, that the scales fell from our author's eyes and, looking on the beauty of the saxifrages, he realised what glories he had missed. Ever afterwards he has been given over to tramps and journeys in quest of wild flowers; here he records his finds by ditch and dyke, his hopes on Sussex shingles, his days in Derbyshire dales. A fascinating and informative book which must infect many with the zest for flower-seeking.

IRISH AND OTHER MEMORIES. By the Duke de Stacpoole. 15s. (Philpot.)

Anyone who would read a book of reminiscences written by a man who has known many capitals and made acquaintance with all kinds of men and women should pick up the Duke de Stacpoole's "Irish and Other Memories." Books of this kind are bound to be at least intermittently interesting; but what makes the Duke's book particularly interesting is its lack of pretentiousness and of partisanship, its geniality, tolerance and fairmindedness. Certainly the author is fair in the Johnsonian sense. ("The Irish are a *fair people*; they never speak well of one another.") He tells us that the only thing which the late Marquess of Clanricarde ever gave freely away was an opinion on china or on curios. He informs us that the peasant of his native country views the approach of death to one of his relatives with a serenity indistinguishable from callousness. And he describes an eccentric landlord examining portraits of Beethoven and Wagner and complacently accepting the elder composer as a breeder of polo-ponies and the younger as a breeder of hunters. He is too good an Irishman, however, not to be proud of his nation. He relates with complacency how *The Hawk* was practically run by Irishmen, he himself being a director, Augustus Moore editor, Justin Huntly McCarthy leader-writer, and George Moore contributor. (Florence St. John, strangely enough, was one of the chief shareholders.) While he frankly confesses the joy which he felt at discovering a Cork man, a former servant of his father's, who was a town councillor of Meodling, near Vienna, and six Cork girls who were governesses in one small town in the south of Russia. The Duke, indeed, seems able to make himself at home anywhere. His pictures of society in London, Paris, Rome and Constantinople are no less vivacious and intimate than his sketches of his countrymen in Galway.

MARGARET FULLER: A PSYCHOLOGICAL BIOGRAPHY. By Katharine Anthony. 7s. 6d. net. (Jonathan Cape.)

In the attractive, orange-coloured news sheet, *Now and Then*, issued quarterly from Eleven, Gower Street, Mr. Jonathan Cape chats with the public who read his books. One of the paragraphs in a recent number is a note on Margaret Fuller. "Who is she? Is she or was she?" This reviewer connects her, a trifle dimly, with Emerson and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and (more clearly) with an hour spent recently among the bookshelves of a country house attic, when Julia Ward Howe's Memoir was among the treasures found. It is reassuring to learn from Mr. Cape that our ignorance is shared, and that the name is "quite unfamiliar" on this side of the Atlantic. Mrs. Anthony's book should help to make it known. The study is ably written and is of more than passing interest to those who wish to know what part America took in the pioneer work of the feminist movement. Due importance is given to "Woman in the Nineteenth Century" (1844), a book "whose only predecessor was Mary Wollstonecraft's 'Vindication of the Rights of Woman,' published fifty years before." Mrs. Anthony has not altogether avoided the danger of glorifying the feminist to the detriment of the woman. What did Margaret say? you find yourself asking. Not what did she say in print, in her articles to the *Tribune*, in her descriptions, as a war-correspondent, of the life of revolutionary Rome, but at other times, in the undress moments, when what she said would have been a revelation of the inner self. The ordinary reader may be pardoned if he enjoys most the by-ways of the book, the couple of pages that tell of Margaret's visit to the Carlyles at Chelsea, when Carlyle harangued sagely on the value of poetry and Mrs. Carlyle sat by in silence, or the short description of the meeting with George Sand.

MY SENTIMENTAL SELF. By Mrs. Aria. 15s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mrs. Aria happily confesses that she has "gone proudly friended," and in her lively volume we have many entertaining glimpses of famous actors and authors. There is a great deal about Sir Henry Irving, to whom Mrs. Aria was reverentially devoted. Once noticing his failing strength, she said: "Supposing you were told that you would live ten years if you would rest, and only two if you would continue to act, what would you do?" Not a moment's hesitation went to the answer: "I should act." Of Frank Danby, Mrs. Aria's sister, we hear much. This is the characteristic, plucky letter written on her death-bed: "Dearest, I miss you beyond words, yet desire you to do everything your alarming physician orders; I find 'Twilight' depressing; how could I have done it? Do you think you could see me through another?" With the amiability native to her, Mrs. Aria prints letters from well-known personages who refused to write her preface. Arnold Bennett wrote: "Your Memoirs will be so amusing, malicious and first-rate that they will require no aid. Excuse me." W. L. George assured her that she was "so ideally fit to introduce herself." From Wells came the message: "No prefaces, darling. Beauty unadorned is adorned the most." It is interesting to hear of the haphazard arrival of Mrs. Aria in the world of journalism. With her sister she was in the office of the *Gentlewoman*. Mrs. Frankau was talking to the editor, but the manager was struck with her companion. "Don't *you* know anything to write about?" he inquired. The swift reply came: "Dress and drama, with drivel sauce." And so the successful career began. A kindly, chatty book, somewhat lacking in discrimination.

EPITAPHS. By Lady Margaret Sackville. (Edinburgh: William Brown.)

Lady Margaret Sackville has always displayed vigorous versatility, and *nihil quod tetigit non ornavit*, but hitherto her chief claim to fame has rested on her lyrics, which

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have had charm, spontaneity and melodiousness. Her faults perhaps have been over-luxuriance, an excessive delight in beautiful phrases simply for their own sake and a wayward indifference to architectonics. Now, in face of these virtues and vices, she has actually achieved a little volume of epitaphs—almost the last thing one should have expected from her pen. Epitaphs permit no abandon: they must be brief and austere. Epitaphs allow luxuriance as little as a grave-mound; they must be clipped like yews and rounded like funeral wreaths. They must be as clearly drawn as a miniature on enamel, as clearly cut as a cameo on an onyx, as an intaglio in an agate. Yet despite such conditions and restraints, apparently so alien to her genius, Lady Margaret has succeeded in turning out epitaphs dainty and delicate and altogether admirable. They have the right epigrammatical touch, and the right emotional deportment. They do not dance, and yet they walk like dancers. They are as dignified as Death, and yet as graceful as a weeping willow. Fortunate are the ashes treasured in such Barberini vases. To discuss the separate epitaphs here is of course impossible, but we venture to quote the two we like best:

"Why did you die? I died of everything,
Life was deep waters, robbing me of breath,
Sorrow, delight, love, music, Winter, Spring
Slew me in turn—and last of all came Death."

"All's done
All's said
To-night
In a strange bed,
Alone
I lie
So slight
So hid
As in a chrysalid
A butterfly."

These two epitaphs strike the present reviewer as simply perfect, and there are others almost as admirable.

Music.

JOHN IRELAND: SOME EXAMPLES OF HIS ART.*

Among the galaxy of brilliant young men who may be termed the outposts of modern music—dazzlingly clever, nothing if not greatly daring—the name of John Ireland commands instant attention. Whether one likes his work or not—whether one emotionally enjoys it or intellectually admires it—assuredly he must be confessed a force, probably somewhat of a hidden force as yet. At the moment he is typical of the ultra-modern school; and his future is especially hard to predict, because the most revolutionary art of youth is sometimes prone to calm down towards an older formula as life advances. But nobody can deny the courage and distinction of John Ireland's achievements hitherto. He has a style emphatically his own; moreover, his music goes hand-in-hand with admirable verse—nothing banal or cheaply platitudinous wins a glance from him.

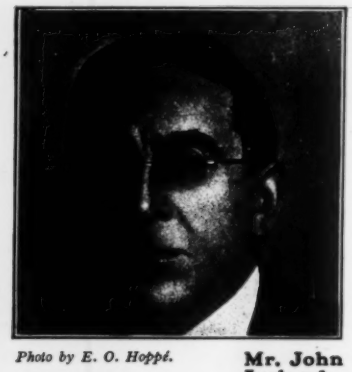

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. John Ireland.**

There is one very peculiar quality, it seems to me, about these songs of his. They strike me as having been written from the *hearer's* point of view rather than that of the performer's. As though he had been able to station himself aloof, like a dramatist watching his play's rehearsal, and to listen quite impartially to his own songs; as though, again, the hearer's opinion must be the ultimate criterion of values. (Which is not the usual outlook of a musical composer.) To the average amateur pianist some of these songs would be disconcerting by dint of their chromatic divagations; to the average vocalist they are not always very grateful, and afford scant opportunity for conventional display. They are not conceived in any conciliatory spirit towards the performers. Yet upon the *hearer* they will produce a startling, an instantaneous effect. Their *tout ensemble* surprises him with its utter sincerity of insight, its sheer truth of statement. The grave wistfulness of the lyrics which John Ireland selects for setting—mainly excerpts from "A Shropshire Lad"—suffuses these songs with a certain similarity of feeling; yet their fundamental differences are revealed with strange skill. "Epilogue," for instance, is a mere transitory thought, expressed by the poet in two verses, by the musician in two pages only; but it is concentrated, as it were, into its own nucleus or essence; it sums up tensely and tersely what other men might have spun out to great length and made no stronger. "The Vain Desire" is an expanded treatment of much the same ideas, so familiar to all readers of Mr. Housman's verse—life's brevity, death's proximity, love's impermanence—here resonant with a more passionate, more personal note, but still subdued, and conscious that we are made subject to vanity. "The Encounter," of sterner stuff, will appeal to its audience with the heavy reiterated figure in the accompaniment—the perpetual passage of marching troops—and the wan, bleak thought floating above it in the vocal part, as a rainy wind might do. A very fine and salient song, exactly fulfilling what it set out to accomplish. In "Vagabond" (which executants will find the easiest of the four), Masefield's words, with their rough, simple, careless pathos, are accompanied by music which might well have been born along with them—so apt is it, so apposite in all respects.

The two pianoforte solos make an ideally suitable sequence—"Soliloquy," with its insistent haunting phrase, not beautiful in itself, yet achieving an effect of intense fascination, like the ugly woman immortalised by "Elia"—rising to a cumulative, triumphant climax, and dropping back to an abysmal question still unanswered; and "On a Birthday Morning," which drops pearls and diamonds from its lips like the girl in the fairy-tale; of a wonderful flash and gaiety, suggesting sunlight, dewdrops, garden scents, and glistening flowers, and inexhaustible *joie de vivre*. This latter piece calls for expert hands and a sympathetic player.

For a while, no doubt, John Ireland will remain "caviare to the general," because of his exceptional characteristics; and many who fully appreciate those characteristics will still be aware of a personal preference for some of his contemporaries. But one may reasonably wonder and ponder to what altitudes he may not have attained in twenty, nay, in ten years to come; when his sense of beauty, as yet a trifle ascetic, austere, renunciatory, shall have mellowed into ripe colour and gracious curves, such as are even now discernible upon the frozen heights of his work. . . .

One does not realise the full possibilities of John Ireland until one turns to somebody else and treads familiar *terra*

* (1) "Epilogue." (2) "The Vain Desire." (3) "The Encounter." Words of each by A. E. Housman. (4) "Vagabond." Words by John Masefield. 2s. each. (Augener.)—Two Pianoforte Solos by John Ireland: (1) "Soliloquy." (2) "On a Birthday Morning. 2s. each. (Augener.)—"Good Ale." Song by Peter Warlock. Poem anon., fifteenth century. 2s. net. (Augener.)

firma again. "Good Ale" is a semi-archaic setting of a fifteenth-century lyric, anonymous, serio-comic, in praise of ale—or rather in urgent request for it! I think three verses should have sufficed the composer, seeing that each contains the same idea. But it is a jovial, rollicking affair, quite out of the ordinary groove—effectively written for the voice, simply harmonised; and a man of humour should be able to bring down the house with it.

MAY BYRON.

A NEW COMPOSER.

The appearance of a new composer whose work is not only of a high standard, but has also that ear-haunting quality which makes a strong appeal to the large public that likes good "popular" tunes, is an uncommon occurrence; certainly an occurrence to rejoice all lovers of good music; and certainly one to rejoice the heart of the publisher who has found him. This composer is Mr. Vivian Hickey, whose three songs, "Ecstasy," "Cradle Song" and "Memory" have just been issued by Messrs. Augener. It is refreshing to come across such songs amid all the good, bad and indifferent music that is at present flooding the market. Mr. Hickey's work has imagination and feeling, and throughout there is a note of unexpectedness which adds to its charm. The words of "Ecstasy" are by Sarojini Naidu, and the beauty of them is emphasised by the beauty and emotional sincerity of the setting. There is a dignified simplicity about this song, too, which harmonises strangely well with the spirit of the words. "Cradle Song," words also by Sarojini Naidu:

"I bring for you . . .
A little lovely dream,"

has a sweetness and wistfulness in the melody that makes a direct appeal. Of the countless lullaby songs that have been written room must surely be made for this little "Cradle Song" in the front rank. It is a song that, once heard, will not be easily forgotten. "Memory," words by Arthur Symons, has a directness and quaintness in its setting that are very unusual. It is the longest of the three songs. The phrase:

"All things leave me;
You remain,"

at the end of the first and last verse brings out the ear-haunting quality which, as already mentioned, plays so strong a part in Mr. Hickey's compositions. Mr. Hickey seems to get right into the spirit of the words of his songs, and in setting them he does not resort to that obnoxious practice of unnecessarily repeating over and over again various words and phrases—as many composers do—in order, it would seem, to make them fit into the tunes. He treats the poem he is setting with respect, and in consequence his songs gain in power. An additional attraction to Mr. Hickey's music is the fact that he has wisely kept it within the range of the average player and singer; the settings present no big difficulties and yet they are not too easy. Above all they have that rare simplicity which is the essence of all things great. We shall look forward with much interest to Mr. Hickey's future work.

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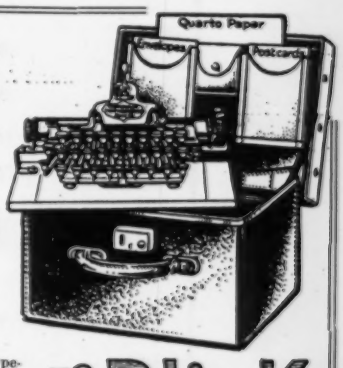

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NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

DITTIES AND DANCES, Book 2. MUSICAL VERSES. LYRIC FANCIES. By Ernest Austin. (Larway.)

Mr. Ernest Austin writes a preface, or prelude as he prefers to call it, " for young musicians " in his new volume of " Ditties and Dances," in which he says: " I ought to tell you that I share with many other composers the good fortune in being able to make music for you at a time when we are all trying to throw off the foreign influences which have crept into our musical life. . . . We should be . . . proud of our national music. We must *make* it, *use* it and keep it well to the front in our affections. Real music should of course be the true expression of our national spirit; it should mirror all our moods and characters; it should bring us beautiful sounds from the invisible world of our hearts. . . ." Mr. Austin's work for children has now gained wide recognition, and it is so interesting—so full of the joy of life—that it is impossible to imagine a child who would find music lessons dull if it were taught by the Ernest Austin method. The three books mentioned above are typical examples of the good work this composer is turning out.

IN THE SHADOW OF ST. PAUL'S. By Geoffrey Kaye. (Paxton.)

This is the sort of piece from which the average player will be able to get the greatest effect with the least amount of trouble. It is melodious and sonorous, and with its descriptive passages is certainly a show piece.

SORROW OF MYDATH. By Malcolm Davidson. (Winthrop Rogers.)

A fine setting, full of atmosphere, of John Masefield's poignant ballad.

A SONG BEFORE SUNRISE. Piano Duet. By Frederick Delius. (Augener.)

There is always a certain demand for good piano duets, and here is one that is fresh and tuneful and not too difficult.

AN ENCHANTED HOUR. Song Cycle. By John R. Heath. (Enoch.)

An attractive little song cycle, though the words, in order to come up to the charming and dainty music, should have had more point. The ideas in the verses are not developed properly.

THREE SKETCHES FOR THE PIANOFORTE. By C. Armstrong Gibbs. (Elkin.)

A " Fairy Tale," " A Funeral Procession " and a " Humoresque " provide some striking contrasts. An interesting and delightful trio.

SUNNY SPAIN. By Arthur Klein. (Feldman.)

Sung by Miss Felice Lyne, this song with its swinging, waltz-time melody should achieve popularity with ambitious singers who like atmospheric songs, and are not afraid of singing " Ah . . . Ah . . . Ah . . ." for nearly a whole page.

The Drama.

LITERARY DRAMA AND THE THEATRE.

By E. V. Odle.

Mr. Edwin V. Odle.

FIFTY years ago there was scarcely a public in England for the printed editions of contemporary drama. To-day plays are published so as to synchronise with their first performance, and frequently before a production has been arranged. Men of the theatre, like Robertson and Pinero, were for a long while shy of winning public acknowledgment of their efforts considered as literature. They were content, for the time being, to make their appeal through the medium most natural to them, feeling perhaps that the constructive qualities of a good play were not obvious in book form, and that the dialogue, framed to be spoken, lacked literary finish. But a change took place when brilliant men of letters like Oscar Wilde and Bernard Shaw, both skilled in the manipulation of a highly developed prose, began to write plays in which the action could be conjured up in the mind's eye in such a way that nothing intended to be exhibited upon a stage could be lost in the process.

There is a distinction here, although a relative one, and it would be invidious to carry it too far. It is as difficult, for example, to exclude from the ranks of literature a soundly constructed and effective play such as Henry Arthur Jones's " The Liars," as it is to discover in that play any quality that appeals especially to the literary sense. Conversely, Mr. Galsworthy's " Joy," that exquisite comedy of human egotism, failed to pass the rough test of the footlights, and remains to be read in order that its feather-like subtlety, combined with profundity of purpose, its acute differentiation of character, and the brilliant interplay of its dialogue, may be appreciated. Yet both " The Liars " and " Joy " conform to all the essentials of drama. The former encourages us, by reason of its appeal to the higher comic instinct, to re-read it in order to recapture the impression of its performance; and when the latter was performed no critic was able to accuse Mr. Galsworthy of actually overstepping the limitations of the theatre. Nothing Aristotelian had been violated. Even in the somewhat narrow sense of stage technicality there was no flaw in the composition. The speeches were not too long, the exits and entrances were engineered with an almost Sardou-like cunning; yet " Joy " had to be given up as unactable, and Mr. Galsworthy, having burned his fingers, proceeded to a broader use of stage artifice, culminating in the almost melodramatic " Skin Game."

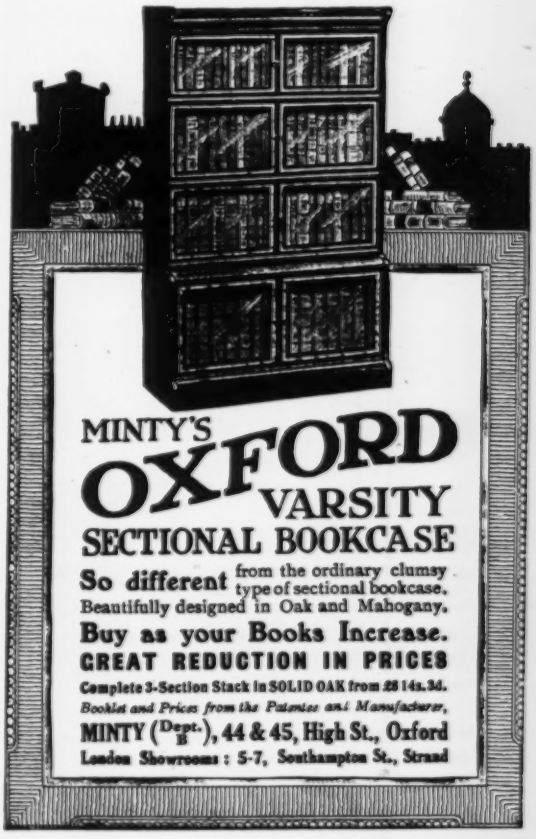
Apart from the tragic circumstance that the best work of a dramatist may fail in the theatre, as it is at present constituted, it is clear that no sharp line can be drawn distinguishing the literary dramatist from the writer of plays that are not only successful on the stage, but also pass into the language of literature. Both become literature by virtue of their content, and if an

obvious literary *tour de force*, conceived and written in the dramatic form, is to be regarded as unproduceable by theatrical experts, so much the worse for the theatre. For of course there is a distinction, although it is probable that the over-emphasis laid upon it has done much to stifle the progress of the modern theatre. Molière is literature; Sardou is not. Some of the lesser known Elizabethans achieved literature by the skin of their teeth, and largely because they belonged to a glorious fraternity; and Restoration drama after Farquhar makes poor reading. In every case where a writer deliberately serves the immediate needs of theatrical audiences or relies upon scenic effect or stage artifice, his claim to be regarded as a literary dramatist is imperilled. But it is a fact that might be very carefully considered by the new school of stage artificers, that very few such plays have survived; and that if they do it is because they possess the redeeming qualities of wit and humour, and contain situations obvious to the inner, reflective eye, as well as to the eye that observes in the concrete and the auditory sense.

Yet the last few years have probably seen more plays rejected by theatrical managers on the score of their alleged technical insufficiency than at any period in English dramatic literature. Of the writers who commenced playwriting after establishing reputations in other directions, very few have survived the vicissitudes of the theatrical whirligig. Mr. Galsworthy has persevered, with the reservation already noted; Mr. Masefield had but one real success; Mr. Drinkwater seems to have triumphed after a long struggle; Mr. Arnold Bennett has contrived successful comedies, but barely yet a play that ranks as literature; Mr. D. H. Lawrence has written eminently readable plays which no one has produced, and Mr. Gilbert Cannan has been writing plays all his life with only moderate success. What is the reason, apart from the squeamishness of the public taste, that these writers, who have accomplished feats in the novel and poetry, cannot achieve success in the theatre?

Certainly the reason is not to be sought in any form of incompetence in the handling of a dramatic theme. Where psychology is concerned there are glaring faults in the plays of certain writers who have acquired what is known as the trick of stage-craft. The dramatic form is universal, and a writer capable of expressing the fundamentals of human conduct in narrative form should and generally does possess the qualifications necessary to create dramatic action. Henry James did not fail as a playwright because of any clumsiness in his method of dealing with the exigencies of the stage; he failed because he was Henry James. But there is no inherent reason why an approved novelist, apart from his peculiarities of temperament, should fail in the theatre; for the aim of the theatre is, or should be, to produce good dramatic literature.

The public taste is not in question here. A few performances, so arranged that all who wish to see a particular play can do so, would meet that aspect of the case. What is more worth discussing is the fact that men of letters have been dissuaded from persevering with their efforts by the assumption that in order to become successful playwrights they must discover within themselves, or acquire by study, some highly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